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THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1904.

No. 28.

MIRROR

SAINT LOUIS



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The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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Reflections



By William Marion Reedy

A Democratic Split.

NOW that the facts in the controversy between United States Senator William Joel Stone and Joseph Wingate Folk, the Democratic nominee for Governor, have been assimilated by the voters of the State, there are signs of distress in the Democratic camp—a result which was not anticipated and which hardly could have been forecasted in the early days of the dispute.

The party is in sharp division on the question involved and there are misgivings in many quarters, where defeat of the ticket is anticipated unless some agreement is reached and the squabble is abated.

Moreover, fears are expressed that all may not go well with United States Senator Francis M. Cockrell next winter when the legislature begins to ballot for his successor. And, in fact, there is talk in Democratic circles of a Republican legislature. There are persons in the Democratic organization who think that Senator Stone made a bad political blunder when he wrote those letters, but there are others who hold the same opinion of Mr. Folk's position. And as the subject is daily threshed out, all over the State, it certainly can do neither side much good.

Conditions are not favorable for any kind of a political fight in the Democracy just now and especially for such a division as is threatened by the Stone-Folk dispute. The enthusiasm a good State ticket, backed by a united organization, engenders, is needed in this campaign, for there is a woeful lack of the true Democratic joy in Missouri over the candidacy of Messrs. Parker and Davis, the Democratic nominees for President and Vice-President. Since the national convention, and in fact ever since it became apparent that Judge Parker would head the ticket Missouri Democrats appear to be in the political doldrums. As one leader put it recently, there was nothing to inspire them to vigorous battle but the candidacy of Mr. Folk, who had quite successfully won his way into the hearts of the people, but now that Senator Stone's letters and Mr. Folk's replies relative to the gubernatorial candidate's attitude towards Messrs. Cook and Allen have been spread before them, enthusiasm is out of the question.

Just what effect all this will have on the result in November cannot well be surmised, but to the MIRROR it looks as though the fight for the Governorship and other offices may yet develop into a bitter hand-to-hand affair. There being no doubt from the start of the hostility of persons of prominence in the councils of the Democratic party toward Mr. Folk, it would seem that their efforts, coupled with the effects of the controversy over Mr. Folk's party fealty, may cut quite a figure at the polls, but, granting that the gubernatorial nominee's forces may suffer some defection between now and then, it still remains apparent, at the present writing, that the defeat of the Circuit Attorney cannot well be accomplished save by Democratic treachery in the cities, especially in St. Louis.

But the Folk organization will need every friend it has if present indications are correct, and since it appears that the enemy is in a position to deflect some of the "sinews of war," there is likely to be need of some energetic financial scouts.



Death of Mrs. Chopin.

ST. LOUIS lost a woman of rare intellect and noble character when death removed, last Monday, Mrs. Kate Chopin. A host of friends to-day honor her memory and cherish the boon of her acquaintance. She was a remarkably talented woman, who knew how to be a genius without sacrificing the comradeship of her children. As a mother, wife and friend she shone resplendent and her contributions to fiction, though few, showed that she possessed true literary genius. She was remarkably clever as a depicter of Creole life and character in the Sunny South. "At Fault," "Bayou Folk," "A Night in Acadie" and "The Awakening" are literary treasures which she has left and which have afforded many a pleasant hour.



Cochran's Defeat.

CONGRESSMAN COCHRAN of the Fourth District was defeated for renomination after more than a thousand ballots had been taken. The defeat of Cochran is not generally mourned in or out of his party. The man who succeeds him on the Democratic ticket, Mr. Wilson, is the same in whose interest Cochran is generally understood to have promised he would not seek the nomination this term. This feature of the campaign was ever uppermost in the minds of the delegates, and when the break of the deadlock became imminent, the prize readily fell to Wilson.



Two-Dollar Wheat.

TWO-DOLLAR wheat no doubt is a good thing in its way, especially as a dispenser of garnered wealth, but the men who have become wealthy in a day by this turn of fortune had better hang on to their profits, lest the elusive grain take an opposite shoot on the market. These lofty prices of the cereal do not add much to anybody's coffers but the speculators. The farmer seldom gets in on it and the miller knows too well it is a false price which cannot long prevail. It would not be more than mildly surprising if the market should next go to the other extreme.



German Army Officers Exposed.

"THE LITTLE GARRISON" is a book written by a lieutenant in the German army, which promises to effect radical reforms in the army of the Kaiser. Though the book is devoid of literary frills, it has made a deep impression on the German public. It is a terrible indictment of the German army officer rather than the custom which does not hold him amenable to the written or unwritten laws of the Empire, and it threatens to revolutionize the military arm of the service. So

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deep have the revelations sunk into the minds of the people that the volume has a great vogue and in addition to going through many impressions to meet the popular demand at home, it has been translated into several other languages for European perusal. This was a bold stroke of the young lieutenant, who is undoubtedly a marked exception to the usual run of officers in the Kaiser's service, but as the charges are generally sustained by other officers, he is at once acquitted of treasonable conduct and elevated to the position of a true reformer. The people of Germany, with the exception of the Socialists, have until the appearance of this book, quite generally regarded the army officer as a sort of god; one whose every whim and passion must be satisfied. But now their eyes are opening and they are reading in open-mouthed wonder of the corruption upon which the flower of the Kaiser's service has been thriving. The incidents related are in not a few instances disgusting, and it is safe to say that the work will have an effect somewhat similar to that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in this country. It will strengthen the socialistic party that is the avowed enemy of the army, and will force the Kaiser to take some drastic steps to check vice among his officers.



Children's Playgrounds.

I NOTICE that the Improvement League's Public Playground plan is progressing. The acquirement by the city of the grounds at Tenth and Mullanphy streets was the initial step in a scheme that gives promise of success throughout the city. The playgrounds plan is a good one and deserves success. Since its inauguration, while statistics are wanting to support the statement, there is a wholesome evidence of a general falling off in youthful mischievousness, and especially in the numerous accidents in which children figured. This much is apparent to the close observer. In the crowded tenement district in the vicinity of the Mullanphy street grounds, it was a common sight, until the playgrounds were opened, to see hundreds of little ones playing on the streets almost under the feet of horses and wheels of vehicles. The streets thereabouts nowadays are quite deserted and this must be a great boon to the parents of the children. If this much good has been accomplished by one of the playgrounds, what must be the case with all? Surely there must be equally as gratifying results in the health of the children who are thus benefited. All things considered, no better plan for the protection and promotion of good health among the rising generation could have been conceived. It means in the end better citizenship and better and healthier men and women.



Cyclones and the Weather Bureau.

THERE is nothing so destructive as the terrific, death-dealing and property-destroying cyclone or tornado, which, of late, appears to be recurring with remarkable frequency throughout the West, South and Southwest. The other destructive elements are as mere pigmies to it. In the space of three minutes last week two of these wind storms wiped out a dozen or more lives, wounded and maimed hundreds, and wrought property damage aggregating several millions of dollars. Fire or flood separately or combined, could not have accomplished this destruction in anywhere near the same period of time, for these are elements against which man has successfully set his ingenuity and skill. But against the tornado or twister, no matter how small, he seems powerless. Learned persons have devoted much time to the study of the cyclone, but aside from establishing a cyclone belt, which none of the twisters appears to respect, and the fact that in the majority of cases they originate in the southwest and travel toward the north-

east, nothing of practical value in the saving of life and property has been discovered. In view of the fact that a Jesuit priest in the Philippines has devised an instrument which foretells the presence of a typhoon hundreds of miles away, it would seem that the United States government has been delinquent in the matter of attempting to combat the cyclone. If the typhoon, which is somewhat kin to the cyclone, can be forecasted with any degree of accuracy in the Philippines, why shouldn't the American twister be brought into the same degree of subjection by Uncle Sam? Immense sums of money have been and are still expended on the United States Weather Bureau, and, no doubt, much good has accrued to farmer and shipper from frost and storm signals, but the most destructive storms to shipping and to crops are these heavy gales of the summer season of which there is no forecast attempted until one of them has begun its deadly work. It would be well if the government would take up this question and have the Weather Bureau make an exhaustive study of cyclones, the conditions under which they find their origin, etc. They are a menace to the well being, peace and contentment of the entire Western and Southwestern country, and if it is possible to give the public some warning as to their approach, many lives and much property might be spared. As it is now, in many parts of the country the activities of entire communities are suspended at the appearance of every storm cloud, and none feels safe until the danger, imaginary or otherwise, has passed.



Fate of the Submarine.

THE submarine torpedo boat has probably received its quietus as a fighting unit of the navies of the world unless some other power be able to do more than England has with this type of vessel. The British Admiralty, after exhaustive manœuvres to test the submarine as an agent of offense and defense, despite all the boasting "scientists" and "experts," has about reached the conclusion that these craft are of little real value. No doubt the terrible catastrophe in which a manœuvring submarine was sunk with all hands, while submerged, somewhat prejudiced the Navy or prompted this view of the under-water fighting craft, but even so, there was much in the accident to justify such a conclusion. The unfortunate craft, supposedly in the best condition, was cruising in search of an English man-of-war when it was run down by a passenger vessel and sent to the bottom. What was revealed by conditions as they were found when the vessel was raised from the bottom of the sea has never been related, so that the part this wreck might have played in aiding the admiralty to reach its decision is not known. But the manœuvres themselves off the Irish coast have shown that the vessel is useless at night, and must, while in service, be accompanied by a nurse boat floating on the surface which detracts from the submarine's strongest point—secretiveness. Besides, since the submarine has had its vogue, the naval experts have been at work on a dirigible electric torpedo, which is to be guided from aboard ship or coast by wires, and with all the assurance that has been given of the accuracy of their course and ease of manipulation, it seems to naval officers that the submarine vessel, with all its delicate machinery and dangers, has lost its position as a fighting force to be considered. Of course France, Russia, Japan, Italy and the United States have also been testing these craft, and perhaps one or more of them may discover its weak points and improve them, but England was early in the field in this respect, spent much money on experiments, and her decision may be regarded as having

been the result of a most complete trial. That there is something lacking in the submarine has also been evidenced in the present Japan-Russia war in the Far East. Both belligerents are known to have tried the craft in times of peace, but there has been no use made of them, notwithstanding all the reports that have emanated since the sinking and torpedoing of the first Russian vessels at Port Arthur. It does look like a return to rational ideas to abandon the submarine. It never did appeal to the common sense naval men, and had only its ultra-progressiveness to recommend it. It has served a good purpose, however, in furnishing an incentive for the invention of the dirigible torpedo which was to put it out of business.



Diplomacy and War.

WILL the present troublesome looking controversy over the neutrality of China result in the ending of the Japanese-Russian war, or will it bring into further conflict other powers, including the United States, England and Germany, who have pledged themselves to preserve China's neutrality? It certainly looks as though the men are moving on the diplomatic chess-board with some portentous results to ensue. What is the foxy Japs' object in their apparent flagrant violation of international law? Is the Mikado, now that he has severely pummeled the Czar in Manchuria, and exhausted his own strength in struggle, seeking to embroil the other powers, and then eventually, but quickly, to force a satisfactory settlement of his own affair in the Far East? It certainly looks that way. Not satisfied with "cutting out" the Russian torpedo boat at Tsung Chou, and refusing to return it, the Japanese are now threatening to make the harbor of Shanghai, where are several battered Russian craft, the scene of similar operations, unless the Chinese compel the Russians to observe the neutrality laws—depart or disarm for the rest of the war. But Russia is stubborn and refuses to obey the Chinese order, and the Dragon Empire is powerless to enforce its demands on either principal. Should it become necessary for the other powers to intervene against either of the belligerents, the prospects of shattered world peace will be brilliant, and Russia, should she be forced into conflict with another powerful enemy, must certainly be compelled to submit to Japan. It is Russia's determination not to give up in the present war, while she has soldiers to fight for her, that has been making Japan so eager for other complications, now that the spoils of victory are almost within her grasp. To regain and hold Port Arthur, Liao Tung peninsula, Japan would dare anything or stake all, but she will endeavor to the end to push Russia up against the foreign powers that are to preserve China's neutrality, while she sits back and makes her "bluff" good. The Jap is playing a keen game—in diplomacy as well as war. Perhaps this very situation that now prevails at the neutral Chinese ports explains the failure of the Japanese fleet of many more vessels to do anything more serious than disperse the Russian squadron from Port Arthur, and drive some of its ships into neutral ports. Whether it was or not time alone will tell, but in the near future we may see the peace of the world threatened by the conditions at Shanghai.



Who Says Chivalry Is Dead?

WHO says that chivalry is dead in America? Is there anything more chivalrous, past or present, in book or deed, than the silence of David W. Armstrong of Washington, D. C. For seven long years he preferred to bear the stigma of charges made by Mrs. Maybrick's mother that he had defrauded them

of a several million dollar estate, rather than by any utterance of his, his accuser's daughter, should be denied the boon of liberty so long sought. Now that Mrs. Maybrick has come to America, a free woman, he has filed his reply to her mother's claim, which furnished the excuse for the pardon.



More Foolish Auto Legislation.

THE proposed legislation to compel every chauffeur or automobile driver to be an engineer, and to pass an examination for a certificate from the city, is another piece of narrow-minded municipal foolishness. Might as well compel all motormen to meet the same requirements. It requires no engineering skill to operate an automobile. All that is necessary to its successful guidance are common sense and a steady, cool head, or nerve, both of which generally go together. Perhaps this measure was proposed to bar women from the chauffeur's seat, but this is hardly fair. Just as well bar them from driving their own horses through the street. The weaker sex may present some occasional specimens of poor auto driving, but then, it must be remembered that equally as bad accidents happen the experienced male chauffeur. If the automobilist—and there are now more than 700 cars owned in St. Louis—is to be fettered and bound by ordinances, and red tape, he may as well throw his valuable pleasure vehicle on the junk heap. It was bad enough to make funereal speed regulations to govern them, but it is heaping on unnecessary coals to seek to compel men and women to pass engineers' examinations. It will kill the auto business in St. Louis, which now, if ever, needs encouragement, and will do away with a healthful and sane form of pleasure which is rapidly becoming popularized and within the means of a goodly portion of the masses.



The President's "Big Stick."

THOSE newspapers that are poking fun at President Roosevelt's "big stick" utterance, haven't been sufficiently tolerant of the political and administrative beliefs of others, to give the "devil his due." The promises of reforms extracted from the awful Turk, for the protection of Americans and American schools in his domain, furnish rather conclusive evidence of the need of a strong stick, and a "big one," and reveal also that in the hands of Mr. Roosevelt the stick can be judiciously used. The presence of the American warships at Smyrna did more to open the eyes and ears of the old invalid than all that Minister Leishman could say. A big navy, one suitable to the size of our country and commerce, cannot fail of true worth.



President's Ruling on Insanity.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has taken a position on the mental responsibility of criminals which he may find difficult to maintain in the future. In the case of a negro rapist, for whom clemency was asked on the ground of insanity, the President decided that he did not believe in granting such appeals when the evidence shows there was no one who would have taken the responsibility of committing the culprit to an insane asylum, prior to his commission of the crime for which he is convicted. That was the status of this particular case, and the President refused to commute the death sentence. The decision itself is so full of material for legal and scientific argument that it can scarcely be upheld. The mere fact that a man may not have been considered sufficiently unbalanced before he committed a certain crime to justify his detention, does not argue the man was sane when the crime was perpetrated. Moreover, the case presents

another phase, and a very common one. The records of jails and hospitals, as well as medical science, show that very frequently the commission of the deed is the first positive evidence of the mental derangement of the perpetrator, who, prior thereto, might not have been suspected even of mental unsoundness. The President, however, pointed out in his ruling that to establish a precedent in such cases as the one appealed to him would result in all offenders trying to escape just punishment for their crimes, on the grounds of insanity, which may or may not have seized them subsequent to the commission of the offense.



The Folly of Lynch Law.

THE lynching of negroes in many of the Southern States has ceased to be a crime against civilization. It is now regarded by the mob as a pastime, something like a barbecue. It has grown so commonplace of late that almost any trifling offense perpetrated by a "nigger" is considered sufficient cause for a wholesale lynching of the blacks. The most recent affair of this kind in the South was more outrageous in many respects than any of its predecessors. The crime which drew down upon the negroes the wrath of the white mob was, it is true, somewhat brutal in character—murder for robbery—but with the culprits under arrest and guarded by the soldiers of the State, it looks like a travesty upon civilization to say that it was impossible to prevent the lynching of the prisoners, and the subsequent vengeance upon the other blacks. When the State militia winks at such horrible crimes in the name of justice, what hope is there for any abatement of the lynching idea? The good people of the South, if there are any, opposed to lynch law, could do much to stamp out the cursed custom. Its evils should be set forth in the schools of the South, and the whites should be taught that lynching does not act as a deterrent on the negro rapist or murderer. The crimes go on despite the mob, the torch and the rope, and every additional lynching only serves to injure the country in the eyes of the world. No law at all is better than mob law, which makes too free with human life.



The Coming Fight.

TO-MORROW night the two biggest bruisers of the United States—Jeffries and Monroe—will meet in the prize ring at San Francisco. It is almost a crime to permit such a contest to be given. In the first place, it is an imposition on the public, and in the second there is so much disparity in the ability and bulk of the principals that the smaller of the two will merely serve as a chopping block for the other. Fighting, as far as the big fellows are concerned, is certainly in a bad way when the heavy-weight champion must accept a match with a novice.



The Folly of Strikes.

IN all sections of the country strikes and lockouts are on, and several hundred thousand workmen are idle. The resulting loss in wages and business mounts high up into the millions, and the end is not yet in sight. To the workingman this great loss of time and money is irreparable. It can never be made up. But the employer or manufacturer has some hope, however, of recouping. He turns to the public for his, and makes them pay the damage. Men like President Donnelly of the Butchers' Union, prate about the damage they are inflicting upon the bosses by their strikes, but they never compute for their followers the great complete loss which is theirs while the strike lasts and forever; nor do they explain that the capitalist has always the suffering public to

fall back upon. When the labor unionists have realized these things, when they have learned that the strike is a useless weapon which brings to them nothing but misery and poverty, they will then have made their greatest step toward the realization of all their pet theories and demands. There is some evidence that this view is gradually penetrating the minds of the organized toilers. It is reflected in the dissatisfaction with the sympathy strike, and the general apathy that is displayed toward the dictates of the union leaders. Perhaps it will become an issue in the workingmen's organizations some day. If it should, it would be a blessing to all.



Physical Decline in England.

OVER in England the old Scrooges are not all dead. They have now a brand new excuse over there for keeping the wages of the masses down to the lowest ebb. The Royal Commission to whom has been entrusted the task of ascertaining the cause of the physical degeneration of the English subject, as shown by the recruiting officers' reports, have solemnly declared that higher wages, one of the remedies suggested, would drive the working man crazy. No doubt a raise of wages in England would be a shock sufficient to upset the mental balance of any workingman, but to argue that low wages are an incentive to temperate habits and moderate living is the veriest rot. The misery of poverty does more to drive the unfortunates to drink and drugs than any other cause. It is the same in all countries. The poor drink to drown their discontent with life, or take to the use of drugs which are even cheaper than alcohol. No doubt a too sudden attainment of greater means would not be beneficial to this class upon whom England has heretofore depended for the flower of its naval and military forces, but if the physical deterioration is to be quickly checked, the poverty that leads to drunkenness and drug habits must be wiped out or ameliorated. This can be accomplished only by the higher wage and the improvement of the environment in which the poor find their dwelling. In short, what is needed is a little more money, sunshine and fresh air.



A Mark for Criticism.

SINCE Lincoln Steffen soaked St. Louis with his literary club, this city seems to be the only bull's eye visible in the shooting gallery of criticism. Every stranger that passes through our gates nowadays feels the obligation resting heavily upon him to begin at once to criticize the city, its quasi public institutions and various other things. Criticism of the right sort never hurt anyone, and criticism of the other sort directed at St. Louis, has no particular ill effect. But the attacks that are being made on the Transit employees and on hotels are not all just. These street railway men have much to contend with these days with strangers, men and women, all clinging to positions on the platforms, piling their baggage in the car doorways and passages, and strangers are not always the most considerate people. Perhaps there has been some discourtesy shown by conductors, but, as a rule, I have observed that they are very patient with the misdirected or befuddled Fair visitors on all the lines that carry the bulk of this traffic. Most of the troubles that have occurred have arisen from persons boarding the wrong cars and not discovering the fact until fares have been paid. But even this has not been serious. In the matter of fatal accidents, the company has been unfortunate, but these sad occurrences cannot be altogether eliminated on such occasions. As to the hotels and restaurants, there has been no cause for complaint against them, though one frequently reads a protest about extortion, only to see it denied or refuted next day. All in all, it does not seem

that St. Louis is deserving of some of the knocks it has been receiving.



Galveston's Triumph.

THE courage, spirit of determination and civic pride which has encompassed the construction of the 18,000-foot sea wall to protect the City of Galveston, will soon win their just reward. The completion of

this immense wall, which is to defy the Gulf of Mexico's angriest billows, and storms, was fittingly celebrated the other day, and by the time the other improvements have been completed, Galveston will be ready to handle the great commerce which will be hers when the Panama Canal is opened for business. This is a prospect worth all the millions that Texas has spent or will spend on this great improvement.

What It Costs to See the World's Fair

By Leo H. Kassel

A VAST number of people will wrongfully deny themselves the opportunity of visiting the Louisiana Purchase Exposition through a misconception of the amount of time and money required. It will, no doubt, be consolatory to these people to learn that the greatest of World's Fairs can be seen to advantage in a period of five days, and that fifteen to twenty dollars will cover all expenses in St. Louis during that time. This is particularly applicable to such people as would go for the educational features, and not merely from a pleasurable standpoint.

There also exists a general misapprehension as to the manner and means of accommodations. It can be most emphatically asserted that St. Louis affords ample facilities at reasonable rates. If anything, the hostelry business is overdone to such an extent as to obviate any fears which may be entertained by either sex. As a word of warning, however, it may well be said that while St. Louis is fortunate in having few sharpers, it is not wholly without them. It is therefore advisable, for young ladies particularly, to secure a number of addresses of respectable hotels or rooming houses before reaching St. Louis. This information is easily obtained from St. Louis papers, from railway passenger agents and conductors, or from friends who have attended the Fair and had experience in securing desirable rooms. If possible, it should be arranged to reach St. Louis in the morning, thus permitting the balance of the day to be spent in attending to all preliminary matters.

Once in St. Louis and lodging arrangements made, no further worries need enter the minds of visitors. A first-class street car system with polite and obliging conductors enables anyone to go to any part of the city with perfect ease. All cars destined for the Fair Grounds bear distinct signs, showing the particular entrance they reach.

To enable our readers to overcome these erroneous beliefs, and to assist them in deriving the greatest possible good at a minimum expenditure of time, energy and money, we will outline a five days' course, showing how the entire grounds and buildings may be systematically covered in that brief time. Only a few words of advice are necessary. Don't try to see too much the first day, and don't be alarmed if you wake up the second morning feeling stiff and sore. Despite all efforts to limit sight-seeing the first day, too much will be done, as the dazzling splendor of the Fair causes us to overlook our physical feelings. Another point well worth remembering is to purchase a light box lunch from one of the down town cafes, and take it to the grounds; this will avoid considerable walking to and from cafes at the Fair. Furthermore, in "working" the main exhibit palaces we should begin at the end of the buildings, walk up one cross aisle and down the other until the entire building has been seen. The ex-

hibits are arranged in this manner, and by following this course, not a single exhibit will be lost from view, while a considerable amount of walking will be avoided as well. A copy of the Official Guide containing a map of the grounds and of the city, together with valuable information as to location and principal features of the various buildings should be purchased.

We will take it for granted that rooms have been secured, and everything is in readiness to "take in" the fair. A Lindell entrance car takes us to Station 1 of the Intramural Railway, an electric line encircling the grounds and affording an excellent outside view of nearly every building. We take an Intramural trip, for which the fare is 10 cents, and are brought back to Station 1. From there we cross the Plaza of St. Anthony, and enter the Transportation Building. We then go south to the Palace of Machinery, and east to the Palace of Electricity. From the southeast corner of this building may be seen Festival Hall, the Cascades and Grand Basin. This being our first day we content ourselves with the three buildings and return to the city. A car-ride through the business portion of the city after the evening lunch will be a profitable, as well as pleasurable diversion.

The following morning we take the same car, Lindell entrance, to the Varied Industrial Building, thence across the Plaza of St. Louis to the Palace of Manufactures and southwest across the Daniel Boone Bridge to the Palace of Education and Social Economy. Retracing our steps, we visit the Model City, New York City, and several minor buildings in this vicinity. It is now about six o'clock, at which time the main exposition buildings close, and we wend our way to the Pike. Here we find a number of excellent shows, which we can visit according to our personal tastes and the extent of our purses. Once through the Pike it is best not to return, as the evenings can be better spent resting and preparing for the next day's "work."

The third day we take the States entrance car.

Our first visit is to the Pennsylvania Building, in which is located the original treasured Liberty Bell. We then go to the building of our own State, the immense Government Bird Cage, the Outside Mining Exhibits, U. S. Gun Exhibit, and various others on our route to the Palace of Fine Arts. We leave this building at eleven thirty to hear the Grand Organ Concert at Festival Hall. Facing northeast is the Mines and Metallurgy Building, to which we proceed, thence across the Sunken Garden to the Palace of Liberal Arts, and to the Government Building, where we spend the balance of the afternoon.

The fourth day we take the Agricultural entrance car. Walking north we pass the wild animals, live stock barns, etc., and reach the Horticultural Building. We then go to the Agricultural Building on the north of which is the Great Floral Clock. From there we go to the Philippine Reservation, back to the Diltillery in operation, to the United States Life Saving Exhibit, Forestry, Fish and Game, the Administration group of buildings, the Aeronautic Concourse and the Ethnological Building.

In these four days we have seen nearly every important feature of the fair. It is needless, of course, for us to detail here everything as we passed; visitors will see everything of interest as they go along. A small memorandum book should be carried in which can be noted such exhibits as were hurriedly passed, and to which it is desired to give a second visit. The fifth day may be spent in this way, "reviewing" and going over anything to which we desire to devote further time.

For the five days we find our expenses to be as follows:

Room, five days at \$1.00.....	\$ 5.00
Meals five days at \$1.00	5.00
Admission to Fair five days at 50 cents.....	2.50
Pike and other shows	2.50
Car fare	1.00
Incidentals	1.00
Total	\$17.00

Thus for the small sum of \$17.00 (and it can be made for less), we can see the great exposition almost in its entirety. From it can be derived more actual knowledge than can be gotten from twelve months' travel, from several years' reading or from a college course. In fact, here are congregated objects of interest and educational worth inaccessible in any other way, exhibits which are closed to the eyes of visitors elsewhere. It is a giant undertaking splendidly arranged, correctly disciplined, and though possibly a failure from the test of actual dollars and cents, the slight financial loss falls into insignificance when compared with the immense amount of knowledge and progressiveness which will be diffused through its channels. No one should permit it to close unseen, though it takes the last penny.

Gainesville, Tex.

Vegetarianism vs. Beef

NOW, while the meat strike is on, when beef-steak is daily rising in price, and the ham in the sandwich getting more and more diaphanous, the unwilling attention of the public is being forced to turn in the direction of vegetarianism, and its advocates are improving the opportunity to spread their ideas and practices. Popular hatred of the Meat Trust and popular sympathy with the cause, if not with the methods, of the workmen in the packing houses are inducing many to swear allegiance to the vegetable kingdom. It is not often one has such a chance to aim a blow at capitalism and at the same time benefit himself. When sociological influence

and financial advantage back up the dietetic arguments of the vegetarians their cause is bound to make progress.

A great many people who believe in a mixed diet will still rejoice at this progress of the vegetarian movement, because vegetarianism is much more sensible than the advocates would lead us to believe. In this, as in other intended reforms, we must not consider the cause is as weak as some of the statements made in its support. In practice it appears to better advantage than in theory. Its menus are better than its briefs, and we can often swallow its dishes easier than its arguments.

There are two classes of arguments against meat eating, the hygienic and the humanitarian; the one that meat is unwholesome, the other that killing is wicked. Only strict vegetarians are entitled to use both kinds of arguments. The moderate vegetarians who use animal food not involving the sacrifice of mature life, such as eggs, milk, butter and cheese, should logically, though they usually do not, give up to great extent the hygienic arguments; for in composition and nutritive value these foods are not materially different from flesh, and milk is much more likely to convey tuberculosis germs than pork is to carry trichina. With the addition of eggs and milk products, however, there is no difficulty in securing a perfectly balanced diet, beyond criticism from a dietetic standpoint, so it must be admitted that flesh is unnecessary.

The strict vegetarians, on the other hand, have a hard task to prepare from purely vegetable materials a ration in which the three food elements, protein, fats and carbohydrates, are in their proper proportion. The proportion of carbohydrates, the starches and sugars, is apt to be too great, and the protein, or nitrogenous matter, too little. It requires a great deal of ingenuity in the use of such protein-rich vegetables as beans, peas and nuts to prevent overfeeding with the fat and heat producing carbohydrates, and starving for the flesh-forming protein. Besides the numerous compounds roughly grouped by chemists under the name protein are not alike in nutritive value, and it is not at all certain that the protein of beans, for example, is as digestible as the protein of meat. Herbivorous animals have a much more complicated and efficient digestive apparatus than man. The energy required for digesting food must be subtracted to get its net value. But it must be admitted that our dietary standards are not altogether conclusive. They are for the most part merely calculated from the averages of well-fed persons and not worked out experimentally, as has been done for those of the lower animals. They are the customary, rather than the optimum. Professor Atwater will have to feed the man in his box for many years before science is able to dictate authoritatively our diet. In the meantime we must experiment for ourselves, and now is a good time to try the vegetarian methods. One does not have to subscribe to the vegetarian creed to take his meals at a vegetarian restaurant.

If it were they would have fewer patrons, for the fallacies and exaggerations of the vegetarian propaganda are somewhat discouraging. There is the constant assumption that the vegetable kingdom is the most beneficent of the three realms of nature, just as medicine men recommend their remedies as harmless, because purely vegetable, regardless of the fact that our most violent poisons, such as opium, strychnine and prussic acid, are "purely vegetable."

Nor can a vegetable diet be recommended on the ground that its proportions are arranged by Nature. The man who cracks up the raw wheat on which he lives is not eating a natural food. Our modern grains are as artificial in structure and composition, as much the product of the ingenuity of man, as bicycles and dynamos. Within very wide limits it has been found possible to vary at will the ratio of protein and carbohydrates in wheat and corn.

Vegetarians devote much time to depicting the disagreeable processes involved in the preparation of meat foods, even going so far as to say in print that none of us would eat meat if we had to procure it, a queer statement when you think how many of us have at one time or another killed and dressed our own

meat and fish. Nor have we observed the moral degradation which, according to the vegetarians, is inevitably connected with such acts. Our friend the butcher of our village is as mild a mannered man as if he had never cut a throat, and we know some very kind-hearted and estimable ladies who wring the necks of chickens whenever we call. If, however, the *argumentum ad nauseam* is to be used, we would call attention to the fact that the food habits of the maligned pig are not more loathsome than the food habits of forced vegetables.

The humanitarian argument is all on the side of the meat eaters. It is they who are the true friends of domestic animals, which they feed, protect and care for at great trouble and expense, satisfying their wants much more completely than in a state of pure nature and terminating their happy though abbreviated lives by an undreaded and painless death. If there were no great eaters there would be no cattle and sheep except a few in zoological gardens. We cannot contemplate without a shudder what the vegetarians propose, namely, the extinction in this country alone of over 70,000,000 cattle, about the same number of sheep and 250,000,000 chickens and all their posterity throughout the ages to come. Such destruction of actual and potential life is worse than the dying out of the buffalo. We will eat meat every day rather than by our sin of omission to become an accomplice to the extinction of the several species of domestic animals now leading peaceful and contented lives on our farms and ranges.

Since, however, we have no fear that the vegeta-

rian cause will be completely triumphant in the near future, we heartily commend it. We advise the reader to hunt up a vegetarian restaurant and order the most fantastically named dishes on the bill of fare. Nowhere are we so conservative as in our food habits and nowhere is conservatism so injurious. To learn that it is possible to get a palatable and satisfying meal without a meat dish is a great step. The introduction of new kinds of food and better methods of preparation is a reform in itself. In the vegetarian restaurants as a rule more attention is paid to cooking, cleanliness and the appetizing presentation of food than in ordinary restaurants. In England on this account the vegetarian restaurants have become very popular even among those who are uninfluenced by the argumentation. The appeal to the stomach and purse has succeeded where the appeal to the conscience was ineffective.

Applied science is just beginning its work on the cultivation of new grains and fruits and invention of improved machinery for the cooking of food, and the possibilities in this field seem endless. Already in this substitution of the cereal for the beefsteak breakfast a veritable revolution in the food habits of the nation has been effected. Our chief dietetic vice is over-eating, and one is less liable to succumb to that temptation on a vegetarian diet. According to the experiments of Professor Chittenden our greatest national reform is to eat less and chew more, and this we can best do by dropping meat for one or two meals a day.

From the Independent.

The Labor Situation in Colorado

By the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon

THE first thing that strikes the visitor to Cripple Creek, Col., is the fact that there is not a tree visible in the whole place as one looks down upon its checkerboard of little houses from the range above. The second thing that immediately impresses a newcomer is the large number of one-story houses. The next distinct impression is related in some definite manner to the altitude, which is 9,500 feet. It is my conviction, shared by many others, that the altitude does have a direct bearing on the action of the people. This gives room for a dissertation on the relation of atmospheric pressure to ethics.

Summed up in brief, Colorado's labor troubles (all of which practically have arisen in the Cripple Creek district, a territory less than six miles square in extent) are at present characterized by the following conditions:

First.—There is no grievance on the part of the miners as to wages; \$3 a day is the minimum. At the cost of living in the district a careful, sober miner can lay up money, and many of them have large deposits in the banks. Miners as a class live well; many of them *eat up*, practically, all they earn. Hundreds of miners here and in the iron mines of Michigan spend their entire savings in food. In scores of one-story houses that do not rise above the dignity of "shacks" can be found at meal-time on the table the most expensive cuts of meat or the highest priced fruits and vegetables.

Second.—Practically every act of physical violence recorded since the beginning of the trouble has been the act of union against non-union men. Scores of men have been beaten, threatened, and in several instances killed, and, by the testimony of men from all

classes, the aggressors have been in overwhelming majority the members of the Western Federation.

Third.—The feeling against the Western Federation is shared by the business men, the churches, the average citizen and by large numbers of former members of the Federation.

Fourth.—There are at present writing about 4,280 men at work in the mines. Of this number 2,300 were former members of the Federation and have signed the applications for work issued by the Cripple Creek District Mine Owners' and Operators' Association, which pledges all applicants to sever their connection with the Western Federation. Those who do not promise to separate wholly from all connection with the Federation cannot receive an employment card for work in the district. This action was never taken by the mine owners until the Federation, according to general feeling, made it necessary. There is room for discussion on this point as to its ultimate result, but there is no room for dispute over the fact of what is actually going on.

Fifth.—Out of the entire number of men arrested and examined by the Citizens' Alliance less than 300 were deported as being dangerous to the safety of the district. Of this number the great majority were single men, and a majority of all were, on their own confession, saloon keepers, gamblers and men without moral standing in the community.

Sixth.—Seventy-five or eighty-five per cent of the members of the Western Federation, it is claimed, expressly disclaimed any grievance and protested against declaring for the strike, but were led into it by headstrong and incompetent leaders.

Seventh.—Whatever the cause, the general feeling in the district is one of deep hostility to the Western Federation. Out of the 6,000 members of the Federation over 2,300 have already renounced all connection with it, and applicants besiege the office of the Association daily.

Eighth.—Practical evidence of the intimidation exerted by the union men is easy to get in Cripple Creek, Victor or Independence. One of the applicants for employment in the Association office showed me the deep scars on his face, marks of a brutal assault he had sustained from members of the Federation three years ago. They had beaten him into insensibility while he was working as a "scab" and so frightened him that he joined the Federation and paid his dues until last Christmas, when he burned his card, and, fearing violence again, had moved out of the district. Many other miners confess to the secretary the same experience.

Ninth.—There has been no attempt on the part of the mine owners to reduce wages at any time during the troubles. There is no complaint from the miners on this score. This fact would hardly need emphasis

except for the absurd falsehoods current, creating artificial sympathy.

Tenth.—The fact most distinct of all seems to be the fact of incompetent, unwise, arrogant and unauthorized leadership in the Western Federation. With a man like John Mitchell in control such a serious succession of mistakes on the part of the Federation could not have occurred. It is the old story of labor becoming labor's worst enemy on account of bad leadership.

Eleventh.—At the present moment unionism, so far as the Cripple Creek district is concerned, is impossible. The sentiment in the district is deeply hostile to the Federation.

Twelfth.—I have made no attempt to discuss the action of the Citizens' Alliance that assumed control of the district, nor is this a defense of the State in its military occupation of the district. Those are matters which are open to discussion as connected with the facts in the case. But their relation to the tragedy of the whole labor movement in Colorado does not and cannot change the facts themselves.

The Severed Hand

Telling How the Baron Came to His Death

From the Italian.

On the coast of Italy, near the village of X, stands the villa of Montefaccio, a beautiful but somewhat lonely place. For a long while deserted by its owners, around it have grown, together with its olive trees and shrubbery, certain fantastic and sombre legends, like many others which haunt certain spots in that beautiful land.

Shadowy as these seem, there is one story which I can tell that has a truthful basis, for the facts have been and will continue to be alive with me as often as I see its white walls against the green verdure which surrounds it.

For thither came one day with a single domestic a man whom rumor described as a German noble, but of such retired habits that so far as the village was concerned it would have been the same if the old villa had been left in the shadow of its dark memories.

Shut up within the four walls of the house and gardens, never going out, or only on rare occasions, receiving no one, seeing no one, all that was heard of him day or night was at stated times in the morning the sound of revolver or rifle shots as if he were practicing at a mark. Then the silence would come again as a pall over the villa.

Of course, under such circumstances, a multitude of stories were afloat about the newcomer. Some said that he had been deported for political reasons, others suggested confinement for some horrible crime.

None knew any facts about him except that he called himself Baron Off, under which name he was perhaps as well known as he could have been under any other, for it was evident he did not care to divulge his identity.

I had to wait long for the occasion to meet him. Chance gave it to me at last in the form of his dog, which, with a wounded leg, appealed to me for help as I was passing by. While I was dressing it the master appeared, and watched me as I finished the slight attention which it needed.

I now got a good look at the stranger, a man of large frame, red hair and beard, with eyes of a deep

piercing gaze. He was so big that he seemed like a Hercules come down in broadcloth and breeches, under the olives of his own Italy.

Thanking me for my attention to the dog, in a kindly but reserved tone, he bade me good morning. After this it was a long time before I again had an opportunity to see him, but one evening as I passed the house I saw through the door the stranger seated in the garden smoking his pipe, and saluted him.

He invited me to enter—a thing I was glad enough to do; and after the opening remarks, I managed to turn the conversation to himself, and with great precaution made allusion to his life and prospects.

He replied with hesitation, spoke of his travels and hunting exploits in Africa and America, and gave me details of his capture of the hippopotamus and lion, the gorilla and bison.

"These are dangerous beasts to attack," I said.

"I have hunted for man, too," was his reply. "He is worse than all."

He roused himself at this from a certain nonchalance which he had assumed, and was now acting the part of the host.

"Would I like to see his armory?" he asked, and going on ahead he led me into a large room in which hung pictures of the chase, interspersed with different makes of guns and revolvers, while in the middle panel, on a background of scarlet cloth, hung by a heavy iron chain a dried hand browned with the sun, its large fingers still colored with blood stains.

Two things I remarked—the heaviness of the chain, which was bound hard to the wrist, and a mark of a long wound on the index finger, as if the flesh had been literally shaven off the bone.

"You have here a strange ornament," I remarked.

"A strange one, truly," said he, with a half smile. "It is my worst enemy. It came from America and we fought with sabres."

"And the chain is heavy, even for a live hand."

"Ah, but it is necessary. It is always trying to get away."

"Is the man crazy or a fool?" I said to myself, as I turned to consider the strength of the man who had so carelessly spoken these words.

I could get no further information, however, for now he so evidently considered our visit ended that beyond noticing the number of pistols and defensive utensils in the hall and staircase, I went out as ignorant as I came. Yet it was plain that somehow he lived in constant fear of an attack of some kind.

A year passed. One morning toward the middle of May I was met at the village with the news that Baron Off had been brutally murdered in the night.

As soon as possible, with the proper authorities, I visited the house for the second time. Entering the hall, the first thing I saw was the body of the baron hanging, face downward, over a broken chair, giving proof that a terrible struggle had taken place.

Beaten and bruised, and covered with blood and wounds, he must only have given up his life after a horrible fight which had wrecked every article in the room.

I glanced at the armory, and with a somewhat unexplainable feeling, saw that from the scarlet curtain on the wall the black dried hand, which had so interested both the baron and myself on my previous visit, was missing.

There hung the massive and heavy chain, but it hung loosely. The hand had disappeared. And I turned again to the dead man on the broken chair, as I remembered his words:

"It was my greatest enemy."

We raised the body up, and dried to get at any evidence that might solve the mystery of the night's work. There was no instrument of any kind by which the deed could have been committed. No door had been left open, nor a window. Nor was there any marks left by which anyone could have been detected in entering.

One thing I found. Under the chair broken by his fall I saw an object, which proved to be the index finger of a man, with a long wound in its side. I could have sworn it was the same wound I had noticed once before on the finger on the wall.

The servant, a mere peasant from Nice, had no information to give.

His master for several nights, he said, had sat up in the armory with his pistols in front of the scarlet cloth, talking, often in a loud and threatening tone, as if some one had offended him.

That night he had refused any supper and had taken his station earlier than usual, and there the servant had left him; nor did he hear any noise or scuffle, or suspect anything until he had come to open the windows in the morning.

We buried the body in the cemetery, and sought far and wide for trace of any friends or relatives. None ever came or wrote, and since the name he lived under was certainly fictitious, as indeed everything about him seemed to be, I was beginning to think one more story must be added to the many which had clung to these walls.

One morning the village priest visited me.

"I have come to ask a favor of you," he said, "Will you walk with me to the cemetery?"

We walked slowly along the path to the new heaped mound where we had buried the baron. On it lay a large, brown, dried hand, minus the index finger, the wrist still showing the mark of a heavy chain. It lay in such a position, as if it would prevent, if it could, any escape for the one who lay beneath.

Sinking a little hole, we buried it where it lay. I have often wondered since whether the conflict between these two was still going on in those shadowy lands beyond the grave.

Progress in Telephony

And Its Remarkable Improvement

HERE is a general idea that the telephone has pretty nearly reached the farthest point of its development; that its apparatus has been standardized, and that no recent advances have been made in its practical workings. This idea, we are told by a writer in *The Electrical World and Engineer* (July 30) is quite erroneous. The field of telephony, he says, affords an example of regular development scarcely equaled by any other line of electrical work. The growth during the last five or ten years has been steady and consequently has not attracted the attention which has been focused upon other fields of activity, such as wireless telegraphy, long-distance power transmission, and heavy electric railway work. Says this writer:

"It is twelve years this coming fall since the famous New-York-Chicago toll-line was opened for business, and yet to-day the Bostonian cannot talk much further west than Omaha. This fact by no means implies that technical difficulties stand between communication from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic coast—it is rather a matter of prospective traffic which will determine when a toll-line twenty of twenty-five hundred miles long can be profitably built and maintained. The greatest advances have been made in central office equipment, although line and underground construction have also been vastly improved mechanically. Thus, in the latter branch of telephone work, a cable about 16 square inches in cross-section carries 30 twisted pairs of wires, while the earlier types required several hundred square inches of space for such a number of conductors. The quality of long-distance transmission has also been much improved in recent years.

"Efforts are being made to increase the capacity of (switch-) boards beyond the 9,600 lines which have hitherto marked the multiple limit in the largest installations. The new jacks and plugs are so much smaller than the later standards that it is doubtful if progress in this direction can extend much farther than 15,000 lines, if indeed this limit can be reached. There is little room to spare in the wiring of even a 9,600 line board. Along with the establishment of common battery central offices has gone a decided simplification of subscriber station apparatus and a noteworthy reduction in maintenance charges. Iron wire is growing in disfavor for city work, particularly on account of the difficulties of satisfactory common battery transmission above four or five miles.

"Automatic exchanges have now been installed in more than a score of cities and towns in different parts of the United States by independent telephone interests. Their operation is being watched with extreme interest by the entire telephone world, and if the success which their advocates claim is realized, there is no reason to doubt that sweeping changes in central office equipment will follow in both Bell and independent ranks. Perhaps the most serious difficulty which the automatic exchange encounters is the burden of work that it throws upon the subscriber—a departure from the general trend of previous practice, which aims to give the subscriber as little work as possible. It would be rash to predict that this obstacle will not be overcome, and it is cer-

tain that the next five years will witness some interesting developments along this line.

"The application of telephone service to railway telegraph lines is steadily making headway at the present time, although the delicacy of the apparatus and skill required in its adjustment preclude the rapid progress desired by the transportation companies. As far as it goes, the 'railway composite system,' as it is called, allows telephone conversations to take place over grounded telegraph lines without the addition of wire or interference in any way with the regular telegraph business. It has been devised especially to meet the demands of railroads for a service applicable to terminal or way stations. At last accounts 100 miles was about the limit of satisfactory working on iron lines, although this distance will probably soon be exceeded. . . .

"Perhaps the most scientific work in telephony is now being accomplished in the traffic department, with the help of the engineers. Exhaustive studies are being made throughout the country of every detail of operation with the object of economizing time and expense in the handling of voluminous business which modern city exchanges transact. The value of toll equipment is appreciated as never before, and no effort is spared to cut down the time of completing connections with distant offices. Sometimes some of the toll-lines are brought directly into the local switch-board, and connections secured between cities thirty miles apart in fifteen seconds. This is called 'rapid-fire' service in telephone parlance. . . .

"Within the last ten years the growth of the telephone business has been very rapid. The reports of the Bell companies show a sixfold increase in the number of outstanding instruments since 1893. There are now over one and a half million subscribers in these companies, and in the last four years the long-distance traffic has increased eighty-two per cent. There is no question that there is room for still greater expansion, particularly in the West and South, and the possibilities of growth appear to be limited only by the population of the country."

Literary Digest.

Courtship and Caution

By John H. Raftery

THORNTON CRABB, bachelor, lawyer, and well-to-do, was dignified. In fact, dignity was a hobby with him. He was not brilliant, not surpassingly handsome, not eloquent, but he was dignified and he knew that this quality "paid." Between diligence, economy, and irreproachable demeanor he had achieved a success in business and in society that many of his contemporaries envied. Good and comely young women who knew that he was "a model young man" encouraged his attentions, but men acquaintances of the gayer sort agreed that he was a bit of a prig. He adjured liquor and tobacco, and up to the age of 20 had never used profanity. Even now "d—n it" was the vocal expression of only his most wrathful moments.

He was a constant attendant at a fashionable church in town, dressed with every regard to decorous fashion, visited with impartial regularity a half dozen desirable acquaintances in the congregation, was a favorite with matrons who had marriageable daughters, but in ten years of gradual advance in his profession and in society had never "committed" himself to what might be regarded as a serious courtship. Not that there was any levity in his dealings with women. On the contrary, with Thornton Crabb all women were regarded with cool and almost severe respect. He found, too, that he could not joke gracefully and that any suggestion on his part seemed to invite a corresponding familiarity from the girls and women, whom he preferred should look up to him.

He learned to dance because it widened his circle of acquaintances and increased the number of possible or prospective clients. For Crabb had an eye on the main chance, first, last, and all the time. He admitted to his friend and classmate, Pete Oglesby, that he would marry if he could find "the right girl," and seriously he had considered several most estimable young women. But upon long and most analytical ob-

servation he had discarded them all; one had catarrh, another giggled too much, a third used cosmetics, and a fourth was not of his religion. Mr. Crabb was an extraordinarily cautious, as well as dignified, young man.

Pete Oglesby was neither. He was a lawyer, too, but he hadn't flourished, as had his classmate. In the first place he was "born rich," and in the second place, he wanted to have his fling before he was too old to enjoy life. He had a kind of filial affection for Crabb, who alternately fought and forgave his recklessness of thought and deed. Oglesby couldn't endure the constant companionship of this serious minded friend, and so they were not partners, and as the years flew by they met less frequently.

It was at Oceanside, during the height of the holiday season, that they met last. Crabb had just come for the purpose of selecting quarters for a month's stay, and as he was walking down the board walk, he met one of the most patronizing dowagers of his home church.

"The very man to take me shopping!" she beamed and hooked one of her talons to his arm. They strolled away to the street of shops, encountering many friends from the city until at last, entering the drug store, Thornton Crabb's alert eyes rested upon a young woman of such singular and radiant beauty that he involuntarily let drop the hand of his dowager. At the same instant the latter saluted an elderly woman who stood at the counter.

"Why, Mrs. Dodd! I didn't know you were here! My daughter, Edna—Mrs. Dodd."

"S—oo glad to see you!" gurgled Mrs. Dodd. "This is my friend, Mr. Crabb—Mrs. Rossi—Miss Rossi."

And Thornton Crabb stood bowing and blushing before his divinity. She was tall for a woman, lithe, brune as an Italian, her olive skin blushing on her

The Mirror

cheeks like the color of a sulphur rose. Her black, vivacious eyes held him and he was conscious of blushing, though he said but little, while she chatted merrily about a dozen trifling matters. They went away together—the four—Mrs. Rossi and the dowager discussing club matters, and Edna and Thornton Crabb lagging behind them. He was finding his tongue, but the splendid beauty of the girl dazzled him, and the sound of her voice made a new music in his ears. Leaving Mrs. Dodd at her hotel he took them home mother and daughter, and sat in the shade on their veranda—they lived in a cottage—his mind in the ecstasy of first love and his heart keeping tune to the laughter on her red lips. Mamma Rossi seemed to take quite a liking to the young lawyer, elderly women always did, and Edna—he began to think of her that way—was divinely amiable. They invited him to dine with them the next day and he did. After that he contrived to wander towards the Rossi cottage every evening and always found the mother and daughter on the veranda or sitting in rustic chairs on the lawn. He seemed to be their only visitor and he was glad of it. Did they know many at Oceanside? No; they had been there but seldom and didn't go into society much; it was a mixed affair, this "society" at Oceanside, and Edna was still young. Thus the mother, who seemed infinitely fond of her beautiful daughter, let their assiduous visitor into the little secrets of the family.

Thornton Crabb had many friends and acquaintances in the colony at the resort. Some of them were young women whom he had at various times "considered." But he gave them small notice after he met Miss Rossi. She filled the world for him and filled it so magnificently, so utterly, that he would have been quite satisfied if he had not known another soul in the place. Meanwhile, Pete Oglesby arrived at Crabb's hotel and Thornton began to feel uneasy. There was no way to keep secret his attachment for Edna Rossi. You can't keep your secrets in a summer resort. It is worse than a suburban town. Besides, Pete had a knack of fathoming his friend's most hidden deeds, his most furtive thoughts, and there were times when Crabb tried to be secretive. Ridicule was intolerable to the man. It rasped on his dignity and that was unthinkable for Crabb. So he decided, after mature reflection—I have said that Mr. Thornton Crabb was a deliberate young gentleman—he decided to take Oglesby into his confidence.

Having so decided, the thought occurred to him that Pete would give him an opportunity to "try out" his innamorata. This was one of Crabb's methods of "divining" character. Oglesby was a handsome, dashing man of the world. If Edna was a flirt it would be best to find it out before he committed the error of involving himself prematurely in anything so serious as a love affair. Pete didn't look upon such matters as serious at all.

"Hello, Thorny!" bawled the newcomer, when he saw his friend.

"Howdy, Peter," returned Thornhill, who disliked nicknames and never used them.

"How long you going t' stay?"

"Don't know yet, Peter. Haven't found a place to suit me. I may stay a month if I'm suited."

"This isn't a bad hole, it strikes me," rattled the optimist. "Good enough for your Uncle Pete, and, unless you object, Thorny, here I stick."

The talk rambled around a few minutes, drifted on to politics, business, new cases, and then lapsed. Oglesby never could sustain a serious conversation and Crabb never fitted into his friend's merry world. After dinner Crabb suggested a walk and it soon led to the Rossi cottage.

"Let's drop in here for a minute, Peter," Crabb suggested, as they came to the gate. "I've some good friends, and —"

Edna's voice hailed him from the dim recesses of the veranda before Pete could reply, and in they went to be met by the girl alone.

"I'm so glad you called," she said simply, giving Thornton her hand. "Mamma went gadding to a friend's house and left me alone. It's so dark and— and lonely to-night, don't you think so?"

Crabb laughed right cheerily and presented his friend.

"Miss Rossi, my friend, Mr. Peter Oglesby."

"So glad to know your friend, Mr. Crabb. Oglesby is the name?"

"Oglesby, Peter Oglesby," explained the enamored one, and they took seats in the deep shadows of the awning, where Edna darted away into the merriest, most diverting, most fascinating paths of small talk that Crabb had ever heard. Pete was strangely silent for awhile, but when he got into the conversation it scintillated. The girl soon noticed that Thornton was "out of it," and, as he hoped, she gave the talk a serious turn, moved her chair nearer to his, and by dint of drawing him out, a slow process—gave him a later advantage, which won him completely: They left soon after Mrs. Rossi came home and walked a block or two in silence before Crabb spoke.

"What do you think of her, Peter?"

"A corker, Thorny—I couldn't see her, but I'm sure she's a stunning looker. Shall I congratulate you, old man?"

"Me? Why?" Crabb was smiling in the dark, but cautious.

"O, well. I could see you're hit by the way you talked. But you'll get over it before any harm—that is, before you commit yourself. You always do."

Tempora Mutantur

BY WILLIAM GARVIN HUME

"AS one comes the other doth go;"
The tides of life thus ebb and flow,
One doth come to earth to-day,
Another fast doth pass away;
The voice of hoary Time all must obey.

Nearby the spot where late did lie
A coffin'd form, is heard the cry
Of infant lips, as o'er its head
The cleansing water soft is shed;—
As once it fell on him who now is dead.

One hour deft hands a garland twine
To deck a bride in beauty's prime;
The next, the self same fingers take
Buds just as fair, a wreath to make,
For one who in this world shall ne'er awake.

Oh, great is life! Thrice great is death!
And 'twixt them but a feeble breath.
Yet life is death, and death is life;
For death is but a keen-edged knife
Dividing us from earthly care and strife.

So turn, O Father Time, your glass;
What though the moments come and pass?
Some life shall cease as each doth flow,—
Some life begin for weal or woe,
Which will it be? That God alone doth know.

They visited at the Rossi cottage together once or twice after that, and, though he exerted all his winsome powers, Pete made no headway over his friend. That seemed to settle matters in the mind of Crabb. He was quite satisfied that she would not refuse him, and he was sure her mother favored him. His next step was to be seen with her. He had never escorted a woman into public places on such short acquaintance but he had set his mind and heart upon marrying Edna and he fancied that she would be proud to accompany him.

Thursday night each week the Grand pavilion was the scene of the most exclusive ball at Oceanside, and she agreed to go with him. In pink and white, with a rose in her dark hair, she was easily the resplendent star of the occasion. The men rallied at once 'round her standard, and more than once Thornton was on the point of cautioning Pete Oglesby about introducing Miss Rossi so promiscuously. But she knew one or two elderly men on her own or her mother's account, and in two hours' frolic she had put envy into the breasts of every other woman and tenderer feelings into the hearts of a score of men. Nothing of the coquette appeared in her behavior. Each time she danced past him her lustrous black eyes dwelt for an instant upon Thornton with what he knew to be the pure light of love. She gave him nearly half of her dances, and they went home happy; she radiantly excited, he supremely proud of her.

At last this dignified, cautious, calculating bachelor was in love. Already his step was lighter than since boyhood, he held his head more erect, he found himself giving pennies to organ grinders, and spending money more freely. He was aware, too, that his friends and acquaintances seemed to divine the state of his mind and heart. Eligible young women to whom he had paid wary attention avoided him. Jealous, of course, for they had seen him and Miss Rossi at the ball. Elderly women who had designs upon him hardly acknowledged his salutations. For a day he was tormented with doubts as to whether he had ever given any of them grounds for a lawsuit. No. He had been cautious, extremely prudent; indeed, he had "gone further" with Edna than with any other; he had held hands with her in the darkness of her veranda. He decided that there should be even tenderer passages between them, and he snapped his fingers as he saw Mrs. Dodd cross the street as though to evade him. Then a thought struck him.

"She introduced us! I'll find what she knows about the Rossis."

He caught up with the dowager, raised his hat, and said:

"Lovely morning, Mrs. Dodd?"

"Dee—lightful! Your friend, Mrs. Rossi, was asking for you last night." This with a half simper.

"O, indeed? How kind of her. I believe you and she are great friends."

"O, not at all!" with much emphasis. "I just know her from meeting her at the Abigail club in town once or twice. I know little about her. She has a beautiful daughter." (Slyly.)

"Yes, indeed. Ed—Miss Rossi is a handsome girl." He rubbed his chin thoughtfully and so they parted. A sly dog, Thornton.

Crabb remembered that Mrs. Dodd had an available niece, and gloated at the thought that she, too, was stirred with displeasure over his courtship of Edna.

On the following Thursday he had decided to take the final plunge. The idea that Edna or her mother might refuse his suit never crossed his mind. He had given them some hint of his means; his courtship, if

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swift, had been dignified, considerate of appearances, deliberate. So his heart beat high when he called for Edna that evening. She met him in the stuffy little reception room of the cottage, more beautiful, more girlish, more ingenuous than ever. She bade her mother good night with tremulous sweetness, and as they passed out into the shadow of the awning clung to him with inexpressible tenderness. He could not resist the temptation to take her in his arms, to hold her to his breast, to kiss her! It was the first time he had kissed a woman seriously, in passion; but he felt that it was now too late for prudence. She sighed with delighted surprise, reciprocating his caresses with vague response, maidenly and modest, shrinkingly, too, but unmistakably yielding to his ardor.

They walked to the pavilion almost in silence. They were too happy. At the entrance Thornton paused a moment to get out the tickets, fumbled from pocket to pocket, flushed crimson, and—saw Pete Oglesby coming up the steps alone.

"Excuse me a moment, Edna," he said, and intercepted his friend at the head of the stairway.

"Peter, I've lost my tickets, and—and—will you take Miss Rossi in? I'll be back presently—left my pocketbook at the hotel—back in a moment—never did such a thing in my life—thank you!"

He ran downstairs, leaving Oglesby without a chance to protest.

As a matter of fact, Crabb had lost both his tickets and his money or had left them in his room. He was an economical young man and there were more than a hundred dollars in his pocketbook. He searched his room, his furniture, his carefully arranged garments. The pocketbook was not there. Then he remembered having placed it in the inside pocket of the coat he now wore and guessed that he had dropped it at the Rossi cottage. Thither he hastened with all speed, but Mrs. Rossi, after a diligent search by lamplight, could find no trace even on the veranda.

Crabb almost ran to the police station, a little frame house with a calaboose behind it in a side street. The marshal entered his name and complaint in a dog-eared ledger and then, with what seemed to Thornton like impertinent asperity, asked:

"Who was you wit' since you seen your roll the last time?"

"Only my roommate, Peter Oglesby, and—er, a lady."

"Who's the loidy?"

"O, I wouldn't think of mentioning her name in a

place of this kind," remonstrated the cautious lawyer. "I think I must have lost the pocketbook in the street or—or mislaid it."

"If ye did, 'tis gone. Nob'dy ever comes back with a find like that. So ye won't peach on the loidy?"

"In perfect confidence, I might give her name, just to set your mind at ease. It was—"

But at that instant the door opened and a policeman led Pete Oglesby into the station. He was panting, bedraggled, scarred about the face, but subdued.

"In heaven's name, Peter, what's the matter?" gasped Thornton.

"Just a minute," snorted Peter. "You'll go on my bail, won't you?"

"Certainly, but—"

Crabb stopped in confusion. His mind was in a whirl; he almost forgot his own loss. Where was Edna? What could have brought on his friend's sudden transformation from a dandy cavalier of suave and pacific aspect to this state of snorting, disheveled excitement? The charge preferred was riotous and disorderly conduct. The bond was fixed at \$500 and Crabb was accepted on the understanding that the proprietor of the hotel should sign with him. Oglesby was released, and together the two young men went back to their hotel.

"What was it?" asked Crabb, when the door was locked.

"Matter? Nothing but that confounded Edna Rossi! That's all. They wouldn't let her in. I insisted, said you'd had her there last week and all that, but the doorkeeper put us out, and—well, then there was a fight. That's all!"

"But—but I don't quite—" Crabb was pale as ashes.

"Of course not. You don't understand anything. You're so confounded innocent—you remind me of—"

There was a knock at the door and Thornton admitted a policeman.

"Are you Mr. Thornton Crabb?"

"Yes."

"Is this your pocketbook?"

Crabb took the proffered article, opened it, smiled sadly and answered:

"It's my book, but the hundred dollars is missing."

"Of course. Th' old woman said she found the book on the porch after you'd left. But insisted that there was nothing in but the ball tickets."

"What old woman?" asked Crabb, faintly.

"Edna's mother, of course. She's a reg'lar fox,

she is. But we're goin' to search the house. You'll prosecute the gal, of course?"

"What 'gal'?"

"O, come off, Mister Crabb!" grinned the officer. "You ain't the first one she's ketched! She's give us more trouble than any woman's come t'Oceanside in five years. What with drinkin' and raisin'—"

"You needn't go any further, officer, interrupted Crabb, dropping weakly into a chair. "I—by the way, there wasn't any money in the pocketbook after all. I found it all safe in my—my trunk after I got home."

"Let her go? Why, for heaven's sake, you don't mean—"

"O, we pinched her, of course, but if you say so we'll have to let her go."

"Let her go, by all means," moaned Thornton, watching the unwilling policeman back out of the doorway.

"It's my fault, mostly," Peter said, when he had closed the door. "I knew her and she knew me that first night you introduced us, but to tell the truth, Thorny, I thought I'd let you go up against the game just for fun. I felt sure you'd be too careful to get nipped. You were always so cautious, Thorny!"

"But how, why did you agree to take her to the ball to-night? Didn't you know?"

"Sure. I knew she was ruled off. She's been ruled out of every hotel and pavilion in Oceanside. But you had her up there last week! I thought, maybe, they'd let up on her, and I didn't mind having a whirl with her again myself. She's a corker for looks and no mistake, and when it comes to dancing!"

Pete leered at the gas jet, but his swollen and blackened eye made him a dolorous looking object.

"But, you see, you got in because the regular doorkeeper was off last week and the sub didn't know Edna. Everybody else did! Lord, what a scandal you kicked up there, Thorny. And you had such a reputation for decorum. Everybody in town is roasting you. Miss Tapley was saying yesterday—"

But Thornton Crabb could stand no more. He groaned aloud as he started for his bed, and when Peter woke the next morning his friend was gone for good.

"That'll hurt Thorny," muttered the scapegrace, looking at his disfigured face in the mirror. "Poor old Thorny! He was always such a stickler for the proprieties. I'm afraid it'll worry him!"

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

The Mirror

THE SPOILS OF EGYPT

The soil of Egypt is as fruitful to the archaeologist as it is to the cultivator. Year after year governments and private individuals, natives and foreigners, excavators legal and illegal, are busily engaged in searching it for the monuments of its past history which never fail to come to light. As it has been found necessary to protect by law the wild animals of the Sudan, so in Egypt it has been equally necessary to fence about the excavations by legal restrictions—not indeed because there is any danger of the supply coming soon to an end, but in order to prevent waste and destruction and the loss that results to science from unscientific or unskillful digging. As an archaeological treasure-house Egypt seems to be practically inexhaustible; all that is needed is that the treasure should be extracted by competent explorers who know how to work and to derive from their discoveries the fullest results.

We do not expect from the British Government the same zeal on behalf of archaeological science that is displayed by the governments of the other civilized nations of Western Europe. The public money of this country is wanted to further other objects in Egypt, more especially those engineering works which anything but promote the preservation of its ancient monuments. What the government will not, or cannot do, has to be made up for by the efforts of private societies. And so far as the archaeology of Egypt is concerned, British private enterprise has no reason to be ashamed of itself. Following in the footsteps of Young, who first found the clue to the decipherment of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and of Wilkinson, who first revealed the ancient life and art of the country, the Egypt Exploration Fund is carrying on a work that is without parallel in the history of private exploration. The primary objects of its founders were to explore the Delta, to discover the sites of Pithon, Avaris and Naukratis, to determine the position of the land of Goshen, and to throw light on the history of the Hyksos, of the Israelitish Exodus, and of the early Greek settlements in Egypt. Before many years had elapsed most of these objects had been attained; Pithon and Naukratis had been discovered, the land of Goshen had been mapped out, and the date of the Exodus had been settled. The recovery of the history of the Hyksos conquerors of Egypt alone remains unaccomplished; the excavation of the ruins of Tanis proved only how few were the monuments which the Hyksos had left there, and the site of the Hyksos fortress of Avaris is still unknown. Meanwhile, however, the Fund had greatly enlarged its sphere of operations. The British occupation of Egypt had brought with it increased obligations, archaeological as well as political, and the members of the Fund were the only body that was prepared or willing to meet them on the archaeological side. Its work was transferred from the Delta to the Fayyum and Upper Egypt, where, among its other undertakings, it has cleared and repaired at a great expenditure of money and

labor one of the finest of the ancient Egyptian temples—that of Queen Hatshepsu at Der el-Bahari; it has inaugurated an archaeological survey of the country, sending out its artists year by year to make facsimiles of such paintings and inscriptions as have escaped the iconoclasm of the Turks and the ravages of Western civilization; and it has started a Græco-Roman branch for the disinterment and publication of the countless fragments of Greek papyri that lie hid in the dust of the old cities.

The annual exhibition of the "finds" of the season, which has been held this summer at University College, lacks perhaps the sensational interest attaching to those of the past three or four years. There are no more objects from the royal tombs of Abydos with their revelations of advanced art and culture in an age which until lately had been deemed prehistoric, and the restoration to sober history of kings who had been pronounced to be fabulous and mythical. But if there are no remains of the early dynasties there has been quite enough to show how far from the truth is the frequently repeated assertion that the antiquities of Egypt are well nigh exhausted. There is first the fresh fragment of the famous "Sayings of Jesus," which the Dean of Westminster discussed in this *Review* last week. Then for the Egyptologists there is a discovery at once unexpected and important. The temple-tomb of Mentuhotep III. of the Eleventh Dynasty has been discovered at Der el-Bahari in a state of wonderful preservation. For the first time we are able to see what a fairly perfect temple of so early a date was like and to fill up a gap in the architectural history of Egypt. Perhaps, however, the most interesting fact about the discovery is that the temple of Queen Hatshepsu, with its beautiful colonnades and courts that rise one above the other, was no new creation of the Eighteenth Dynasty, but merely a slavish imitation of a temple that had been built a thousand years before her time. The "great queen" and her architects have for all these centuries been claiming credit that does not belong to them; the successive platforms of the temple, the proto-Doric columns, the arrangement of the courts, were all imitated from the older edifice, which, in one part at least, exhibits better and more massive work.

The complete excavation of Mentuhotep's temple will occupy a great part of the next season's work and like the clearance of the temple of Queen Hatshepsu, will be a somewhat costly affair. Unfortunately, owing to the reorganization of the American Committee, the American subscribers who have hitherto contributed a substantial share to the finances of the Fund are not likely to be as liberal as usual. More than ever, therefore, it is to the British public that the Fund will have to look for support. The exhibition of Egyptian antiquities at University College is not the only one which has been held in London this summer. Mr. Garstang has been continuing during the winter his work in the Eleventh Dynasty cemetery at Beni-Hasan on behalf of a small committee which may be said to be a sort of

child of the older Exploration Fund, and the numerous objects he has discovered there have been on view at Burlington House. The general public probably has found them more interesting than those exhibited by the Fund, as they are not only more numerous but illustrate very remarkably the life and manners of the Egyptians in the remote age to which they belong. Among them are models of boats and bread-making, the very bread itself which was buried with the dead, the loom at which the weaver once sat, and the thread which he wove upon it. While the excavations at Beni-Hasan have not added much, if anything, to Egyptian history in the narrower sense of the word, they have thrown a good deal of light on the social life of the people.

History proper, however, has not been altogether unrepresented by the results of Mr. Garstang's latest excavations. Besides his work at Beni-Hasan he has cleared out afresh the tomb of Menes at Negada which was discovered by M. de Morgan. The French explorer naturally had no idea of its importance, and consequently did not sift the soil with the same care that would have been taken had he known that it was the sepulchre of the first monarch of united Egypt. Much, therefore, has been left to the later excavator to find. Another chamber containing sepulchral offerings has been discovered, the missing fragment of the ivory tablet which records the name of Menes has been recovered, a duplicate of it has been met with, and a plaque with the name of the king whom Professor Finders Petrie regards as the predecessor of Menes on the throne of Upper Egypt has been brought to light. Little by little the scattered stones of Egyptian history are being brought together, and the ruined fabric of a vanished civilization is being again built up.



MAIDEN AND MOON

Once in a dream I saw the full moon fall
Like a dead leaf adown the dusky air,
Blown to the outer darkness elsewhere,
And stormy nights like this the dream recall,
When from the black clouds' silver-bordered pall
The white dusk gleams, so still, so chill,
So fair;
Dead! in her youth, perhaps, but wandering there,
A ghost that nightly haunts our living ball.
Pale sister moon, what broke thy virgin heart
And left thee wrecked and desolate in space?
Love of some central sun too far above,
Too ardent, else? Silent and cold thou art,
Shrouded in mystery; but thy pure face
Is radiant with the lingering light of love.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.



"Mr. Heavyweight," said the minister, "is willing to subscribe \$10,000 for a new church, provided we can get another subscription making the same

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amount." "Yet you seem disappointed," said his wife. "Yes, I was in hopes he would contribute \$100 in cash."—*Brooklyn Life*.



RIGHTS OF CLUBS

A supreme court decision in New York is of no small interest to members of clubs. It is to the effect that societies incorporated for social and literary purposes cannot expel members because they do not give support to the political tenets which prevail in the organization. Chas. Stein was an incorporator of the Excelsior Literary Society, which decided to adopt the faith of the Socialist Labor party. Mr. Stein and a number of his friends protested strongly, and were expelled on the alleged ground of disloyalty. Now they have been reinstated by a court order. "It has long been a well established legal principle in this commonwealth," says the *Tribune*, "that clubs have no right to expel members unless in accordance with the conditions which the association have adopted and which were in force when the membership was taken up. There was the celebrated Loubat case, for instance. In the eighties of last century, Mr. Loubat was expelled by the board of governors of the Union Club, but the courts put him back because they decided that the expulsion had been made without careful observance of the club rules, and was in disregard of Mr. Loubat's inalienable rights. That decision has been frequently quoted in the adjustment of dissensions of a similar sort."



The health-food man: "Tell me, what you eat and I'll tell you what you are," said the seer. The man told him what he ate. "You're a blanked fool," said the seer. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" exclaimed the man.—*Puck*.



Artist—"Have you taken my picture to the exhibition?" Porter—"Yes, sir; it seemed to please the gentlemen very much." Artist—"What did they say?" Porter—"Oh, they didn't say nothing, but they laughed that 'earty."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

THE THUNDER STORM

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I never was a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes of either human or elemental strife upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of the battle when the swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents in the air. I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked not danger.

But there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness. I have called pride to my aid; I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy, but it avails me nothing. At the first low moaning of the distant cloud my heart shrinks and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of 10 years. I had a little cousin, a girl of the same age with myself, who had been the constant companion of my youth. Strange that, after a lapse of many years, that occurrence should be so familiar to me! I can see the bright young creature, her eyes flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale and her cheeks glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow.

Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's, and when she bounded over the wooded hill or fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature and clasping her little hands in the ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away, like a free nightingale, from the earth and going off where all things are beautiful, like her.

It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her

path lay across the fields and gladly I became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure and white and peaceful as if it had been the incense smoke of some burning censor of the skies.

The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters in the bay had forgotten their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads, as if dreaming of the rainbow and dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness, that it seemed a cloud of roses scattered down by the hands of Perim from the afar-off garden of Paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay around, in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blessed them.

The little creature at my side was in delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange and lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural stillness of the day continued until noon. Then, for the first time, the indications of an approaching tempest became manifest.

On the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and the same instant, a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled out like a banner unfolded upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm, and the leaves as motionless as before; and there was not even a quiver among the sleeping waters, to tell of the coming hurricane.

To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall and ragged precipice. Here we stood, and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds, marshaling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not infrequent, but every burst was so fearful that the young creature who stood by me shut her eyes convulsively, and clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break.

A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger toward the precipice that towered over us. I looked, and saw there a purple light. And the next moment, the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of the universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown, I know not whither. How long I remained insensible, I can not tell; but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds was dying in the tree tops, and the deep tones of thunder clouds came in fainter murmurs from the eastern hills.

I arose and looked tremblingly and almost deliriously around. She was there, the dear idol of my infant love, stretched out upon the green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told

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"Yes, indeed; do you suppose it would take me two weeks to write a letter of acceptance?"—Er.

HORSELEAPING CONTEST

An attraction which will reveal the efficiency of horsemen, local and otherwise, is soon to be put on in the arena at the South African and Boer War exhibit. This will be a horse-leaping competition, the winner of which will receive a handsome silver trophy. Entries are expected from many clever riders who are now in the city and country, and a thrilling exhibition of what horse and rider can do in surmounting obstacles high or broad is looked forward to. Frank E. Fillis, managing director of the exhibit company, has charge of this show and will receive all entries. As a supplementary feature to the Boer-British War spectacle, the horse-leaping contest will be most appropriate. The war production continues its wonderful success. The three great battles of the campaign are cheered by thousands every day and night and the boom of cannon is heard over the entire city. That there is still a deep feeling for the Boers in this country is evidenced by the applause they receive and the enthusiasm displayed by those who call upon Generals Cronje and Viljoen after each performance. It is, indeed, a great show and the admission prices are within the reach of all classes—25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.

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The Mirror

RICH JEWS OF OLD

Before the Christian era, if we believe the Agadic history of the Talmud, there were richer men than now.

Joseph accumulated numberless bushels of corn "as the sand of the sea" and virtually cornered the production of the world until the people confessed that their money was all gone and were forced to transfer their property to Joseph, acting for Pharaoh. Tradition says that this immense liquidation was, by order of Joseph, hidden underground in three distant parts of the world. One treasure was unearthed by Korah. To form an idea of his fortune we are informed that it required no fewer than 300 "white" mules to carry the keys of his storehouses, and those keys were not made of heavy metal, but of light leather strips (Pesahim, page 119a). Averaging five "leathern" keys to the pound and the carrying of each mule to 200 pounds, there would be a total of 300,000 keys. Figure so many storehouses, each valued at at least \$10,000, and they equal \$3,000,000,000, or thrice the amount credited to Rockefeller. No wonder that Korah, being so rich, thought he had a pull to influence the people against Moses and Aaron.

King Solomon had 40,000 stable horses and 4,000 stables for 1,400 chariots, with 12,000 horsemen. Every horse was worth 150 shekels and every chariot 600 shekels (I. Kings, v:6; x:29; II. Chronicles, i:4). The following items might have made up his stable inventory:

40,000 horses, at 150 shekels..	6,000,000
1,400 chariots, at 600 shekels.	840,000
4,000 stalls, at about 1,000 she-	
kels	4,000,000
12,000 horsemen, at 30 shekels.	300,000

Total shekels.....11,200,000

A shekel is worth about 50 cents in American money, giving a total of \$5,600,000. But when we consider the high purchasing power of a shekel at that time, from the standard value of a slave at 30 shekels, or \$15, in comparison to the value of the slaves in the South before the Civil War, which averaged \$1,000, at this rate the price of the stable, multiplied by about 66, would bring the total to \$369,600,000 at the present low purchasing value of money, without counting the cost of saddles, harness, livery outfits and food for the horses and men.

Voltaire calculates that the gift of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon was worth 4,200,000 German thalers, and sarcastically remarks that as Solomon was a gallant king he must have reciprocated in double kind, which Voltaire considers a highly exaggerated sum for the Jewish kinglet. And yet this is a mere bagatelle in comparison with the cost of this luxurious stable equipment.

The estimate of the amount expended in erecting Solomon's temple at approximately present day value of metal and labor is as follows:

8,000 talents of gold, at	
\$24,000	\$ 192,000,000
17,000 talents of silver, at	
\$660	11,220,000
18,000 talents of brass, at	
12.50	225,000

100,000 talents of iron, at \$5	500,000
150,000 laborers seven years,	
at \$250 per year	37,500,000
36,000 overseers seven	
years, at \$5,000 year....	1,800,000
10,000 drams, at \$5.....	50,000
To Hiram, King of Tyre—	
14,000 kor of wheat, 4,480,-	
000 bushels, 90 cents....	4,032,000
14,000 kor of barley, 4,480,-	
000 bushels, 35 cents	1,568,000
14,000 bath wine, 980,000	
gallons, at 50 cents	490,000
14,000 bath oil, 980,000 gal-	
lons, at 50 cents	490,000

Total\$ 249,875,000

Besides, probably an equal amount for precious stones, marble and other building materials, making a grand total of about \$500,000,000. The above figures are based on the account given in I. Kings, v, and I. Chronicles, xxix, of David's preparations for the temple, together with the donations by the leaders of Israel.

Herod's temple was even superior in beauty and more costly. "It was built of intersecting bevel-edged alabaster and marble that resembled the waves of the sea."


It is interesting to note that the daughter of Nikodemus was allowed by the Jewish court of Beth-din a daily sum of 400 gold denarim for her cosmetics (a Roman copper denarim was worth about 17 cents and there were twenty-five copper pieces in one gold denarim, \$425), and, multiplied by 365 days, equals \$62,050,000, without taking into account various sums for her headgear, dressmakers' bills, ornaments and pin money, which in ordinary cases exceeds 100 times at least the value of cosmetics.

That would swell the total to \$124,100,000,000, outside of other household expenses. And yet Miss Nikodemus appears to have been dissatisfied with the "small" appropriation for cosmetics, as she sneeringly "thanked" the rabid judges for their liberality and wished their own daughters to fare no better. The rabbis, however, accepted the "curse" with grace and answered, "Amen."

R. Johanan Ben Zakkai witnessed the kethuba (marriage jointure) of Miss Nikodemus, wherein was recorded her dowry of \$1,000,000 gold denarim, \$425,000,000, besides the dowry of her father-in-law. Nikodemus himself is reported to have stepped on silks all the way from his house to the Beth Hamidrash daily, and every time the silks were allowed to be picked up by the poor.

Among other rich celebrities are R. Eliezer Ben Azariah, who contributed an annual tithe of 12,000 sheep on an income of 120,000 sheep, or, at \$10 apiece, \$1,200,000 per annum, and R. Judah h-Nasi I., whose stablemaster was richer than King Shabur.

As a rule the Agadic stories are intended only as moral lessons. Nevertheless, like a good historical novel, they have some basis in the underground. And no doubt there existed immense riches in those times, more than the average modern historian cares to admit.—Menorah.




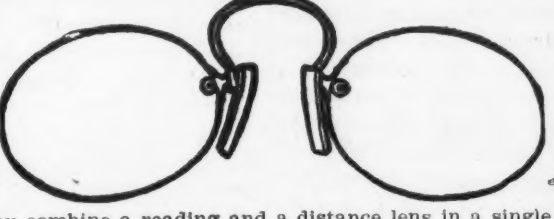
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MRS. MAYBRICK'S VOICE

It is not difficult to imagine Mrs. Florence Maybrick, once sentenced to death for the murder of her husband, and now released, after spending many years in an English prison, singing the refrain of Stephen Adams' popular sacred song, "The Holy City." But it is not generally known that hers was the voice which first gave utterance to the strains which were destined to become as world famous as those of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "The Lost Chord," or "The Palms," by Faure. The song was the work of the younger brother of the man Mrs. Maybrick was convicted of poisoning. Its composer (according to the *Sun*) her most relentless enemy, and was mainly instrumental in securing her conviction. "Stephen Adams" is merely the name under which Michael Maybrick publishes his songs. Mrs. Maybrick was a good musician, had a great liking for music, an excellent voice, and a love of conviviality. Her husband owned a fine yacht, a feature of which was a music saloon. There many well-known singers and musicians were entertained. Michael Maybrick, who had just leaped into fame as the composer of "Nancy Lee," but as yet had not gathered in enough of the profits to indulge his passion for owning a yacht, was a frequent guest. It was on one of these musical evenings, while the yacht was anchored in the Mersey, that Michael Maybrick produced from his pocket a manuscript song which he said he had written that afternoon, while dreaming the time away in his cabin, and listening to the splash of the waters. He had caught the inspiration of Weatherly's words, but the voice part only had been jotted down. The accompani-

ment had still to be filled in. Sitting at the piano, he vamped an introduction, and asked his sister-in-law, Mrs. Maybrick, to sing "The Holy City," from the voice part. She was an excellent reader, and readily did this, he filling in an extemporized accompaniment. Thus it was her voice which, for the first time, stirred the air with strains destined to become almost classic.



BECOME AN ALPINE

Since Karl Komzak's arrival at the World's Fair and his appearance in the Alps and Festival Hall, the attractions of both resorts have increased many fold. The concerts at the Alps are grand. It is the musical treat of the year. Komzak's direction of the great orchestra of 100 pieces at the Alps is in itself worth going any distance to witness. Music has become quite an adjunct of all public resorts, especially cafes, within the past few years; but the music at the Alps is not to be compared with these. Both Komzak and Max Bendix are furnishing the finest programmes at this popular place on the Pike and the orchestra itself is one of the finest in the country. Not to go to the Alps nowadays is to confess yourself out of the swim. Every one goes there. It is a place where the aristocratic and democratic are blended most harmoniously. The place has pleasure for all. The finest of scenic railways and the greatest cafe in the land vie with the great orchestra that makes the peaks resound with melody every day and night. Now is the time to become an Alpine. The terms are \$5 per season; \$2 per month, and \$1 per week. Cheap, considering the returns.

DRAMATIC

"THE OFFICE BOY."

Frank Daniels is funnier, than ever this season. "The Office Boy," a really bright piece, in which he plays the boy role, could not have been built for any other than this gay laugh provoker. The piece fits him snugly, and Olympic audience have fairly roared as they viewed the performances during the week. And there is nothing so good these days as a hearty laugh. The cast includes other favorites besides Mr. Daniels, among them are Sallie Fisher, who sings several catchy songs, and Alfred Hickman. Clara Belle Jerome, who has succeeded Bonnie Maginn as the principal soubrette, has been doing splendidly, but next to Mr. Daniels, the work of Miss Fisher is no doubt most popular with the public. The entire company, however, is very clever, and "The Office Boy" is assured of a successful season. The piece has been booked for two weeks so that for the remainder of the week the usual matinee and night performance will be given. Following "The Office Boy" will come the big Drury Lane spectacle, "Mother Goose."

"VIVIAN'S PAPAS."

Miss Blanche Ring, the original thriller of "Bedelia"; Harry Conner, a really clever comedian, and Thomas Burns are the chief entertainers in "Vivian's Papas," a farcical three-act piece, which is new to St. Louis theatre-goers and which opened to large audiences at the Century. The skit involves a modern chorus girl who divorced from her first husband, is undecided whether to wed a Chicago millionaire or a New York lawyer. Chance brings both suitors together in the young grass widow's parlor and she confides to each, that the other is her father. This starts a series of misunderstandings which lead to some very farcical situations. Harry Conner is the Chicago millionaire, Thomas Burns the New York lawyer. Hall McAllister as the son-in-law of the Chicago suitor, has also shown that he possess no little ability. Miss Ring does only fairly well as Vivian, but she sings a fetching new song with a catchy chorus, "Kate Kearney," as well as "Bedelia." "Vivian's Papas" will be with us the rest of this week and next and it promises to have a successful stay. George Ade's "The County Chairman" will be the next attraction at the Century.

"PRETTY PEGGY."

Jane Corcoran, a young comedienne, who recently entered the stellar ranks, after some seasons of rather commendable work in several good plays, seems to fill the part of Peg Woffington or Pretty Peggy, at the Grand, with satisfaction to herself and auditors. She has an amusing Irish brogue and though she does not assume to be a Grace George, her portrayal of the famous actress is none the less interesting. She has good support in Andrew Ralston as David Garrick, Kraft Walton, W. R. Gibson, John Dunne, Jennie Dunbar, Edna Bert and others. Altogether "Pretty Peggy" is

this season as entertaining as last. Next week, commencing Sunday night, will witness the first production of another adaptation from the "Comic Supplements"—"Buster Brown." This piece will be at the Grand for two weeks and it is heralded as one of the liveliest and funniest of these new productions.

KIRALFY'S "LOUISIANA."

Kiralfy's "Louisiana," at the Odeon, which has been attracting considerable attention and applause, is the pantomime. Francecola Sartorius, formerly professor in the Milan school of pantomimists, who has had charge of this work, has received many tokens from European monarchs because of his wonderful performances in the old countries some years ago. Mr. Sartorius as the priest in the Mound Builders scene, St. Etien as De Soto, and Miss Agnes McDonald as Querida the King's daughter, are among the cleverest of the Kiralfy pantomimists. In the stirring immigrant scene Harman, the long distance pedestrian, takes part.

AT DELMAR GARDEN.

The Delmar Garden production of "Louisiana" is now in its twelfth week and its drawing qualities are still unimpaired. Miss Kirkwood, the new prima donna, has won many friends by her artistic work and her presentation of Columbia. The entire company has now gotten into full swing in the big spectacle and it is difficult to say whether any one feature predominates. The music, the comedy and the spectacular seem to equally to divide the honors among the audiences.

THE IMPERIAL.

"The Darling of the Gods" never fails at each performance to fill the Imperial. The piece is now in its fourth week and it is improving as its acquaintance with the local and visiting public becomes closer. The members of the company, including the charming Miss Bates, are adding daily, achieving new honors in this pretty picture of Old Japan.

THE STANDARD.

"The New Majestics" are holding forth at the Standard with big houses at each performance. "In the Tenderloin," the leading burlesque, is one of the best things seen at the Standard this season. The list of specialties is a select one. It comprises the five Bellatzer Sisters, who do some wonderful gymnastic stunts; the DeFay Sisters, musicians, Larry McGale, a pretty clever Irish comedian, and others. Friday night the returns of the Jeffries-Monroe prize-fight will be received at the Standard and announced from the stage. Next week the "Bon Tons" will be the attraction. This company contains some clever specialists and fun makers, so that a good week's business is assured.

FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS.

The Rossow Midgets are the big attraction at Forest Park Highlands this week. The little people are very clever,



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Applications for 40 free and partial scholarships received from September 1, on.
Academy of Deportment and Dancing reopens first Wednesday in Oct. at 2200 St. Louis Ave.
For Children at 4 P. M. Adults 8 P. M. Send for Extra Circular.

as actors, especially good in their mimicry of the prize ring. Mrs. Wynne Winslow, a soprano, with a range which would put her into grand opera, is the vocalist of the programme. Mrs. Winslow is a St. Louis girl, who spells her success on the stage with a big "S." Next week's bill at the Highlands is one of the finest ever gotten up. Here are the acts, as Col. Hopkins has them down on his books: Devlin's Zouaves, a company of expert wall scalers and fancy drillers; Lew Hawkins, Chesterfield of minstrelsy; Eva Mudge, the military maid; Roattino and Stevens, prima donna and danseuse; Nora Bayes, the most charming soubrette in the business, and Al Fields, the well-known comedian and fun-maker. The Eagles will have their outing at the Highlands next Tuesday night.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND

Tess—"I can't understand what he saw in her. Her face is decidedly plain."

Jess—"Yes, but the figure she has makes up for all that."

Tess—"Figure? She's positively scrawny; she has no figure."

Jess—"You're mistaken. She has six figures, and the first one's a five."—
Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war," said a young man. "You are wrong in that quotation," his companion objected. "That is the one of a number of famous sayings that are misquoted always. It is from Nathaniel Lee, and its right reading is, 'When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.' Another misquotation is, 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.' This is from Thomas Tassier, a Sixteenth century worthy, and it should run, 'It is an ill wind that turns none to good.' 'Out of sight out of mind,' is from Lord Brooke, but it was 'Out of mind as soon as out of sight,' as Lord Brooke wrote it. 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,' should run, 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow citizens.' This famous

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sentence is from a resolution laid before the House of Representatives in 1799 by General Richard Lee.

According to a very ancient custom, every peer passing through Oakham has to leave a horseshoe or its equivalent to be placed in the castle. The custodian has this week received horseshoes from the Duke of Westminster, the Marquis of Londonderry, Earl Cadogan, the Earl of Mar and Kellie, Lord Leconfield and Lord Barnard. There are 154 shoes now on the castle wall, including those given by the King, the Queen and the Duke of Connaught.—
London Daily Mail.

Jones—"I see that a Chicago woman's foot caught in a cable slot the other day." Smith—"A Chicago woman's foot could never get caught in a cable slot. That was a St. Louis woman who wore a pair of shoes bought at Swope's, 311 North Broadway, St. Louis—the only place to buy shoes."

Mr. and Mrs. M. Shoenberg will sail for Europe this week on the Kron Prins from New York.

THE MANAGEMENT OF WIVES

In popular fiction, proverb, and cartoons, husbands are pictured as stupid animals, blind, perverse, born to be managed by some woman, and always, *always* devoid of tack. Who ever heard the phrase "A tactful as the proverbial husband?" Who ever heard anybody say, "As clever as a husband?"

But the pathetic and absurd truth of the matter is that when a husband is clever he is twice as clever as his wife, for when he is managing her the most she hugs to her heart the fond belief that she is managing him, and that he is at best a stupid old dear, fit for nothing else than to be steered along the path she thinks he ought to travel in.

I have sometimes been accused of saying harsh things of men—God love them!—but is so, here is where I make the *amende honorable*. I respect them more than they suspect. If women think men stupid, men know that women are contrary, and a clever man acts on the suggestion.

Another think the tactful husband does is to let his wife cry. I don't mean that he drives her to crying, or that he lets her weep while he stands unsympathetically by with his hands in his trousers pockets, his feet apart, and grinning sardonically. I mean that when an emotional woman needs a good cry he realizes that it will relieve the tension. He does not get up and rage about and kick footstools out of the way and say, "Oh, for Heaven's sake! stop crying, or you'll drive me to drink!"

No! He goes and pats her shoulder soothingly and says:

"There, little woman! I'm sorry the cook has left and your new gown hooks

up crookedly, but cheer up! Let's go out and have a jolly little dinner, and tomorrow I will write that tailor a letter that will make his hair curl."

Then she looks up through her tears and thinks how handsome and big and strong and glorious he is, and before the dinner is over, she has thought up two ways in which to economize, and so pay for the extravagance of his order to the waiter. For the common purse is not elastic and she knows it.—*Lilian Bell in Harper's Bazar.*

REVERSING IN THE WALTZ

Commenting on the recent edict by King Edward—unwritten, but an edict none the less—against reversing in the waltz, a writer in the *Times* says that it has a queer sound to Americans. "The fashion of dancing in English ball-rooms," he continued, "is something extraordinary, and New Yorkers and Newporters have looked with amazement at the efforts of Englishmen in a ball-room. The two-step, which was taken to England and combined with the old 'dancing in the barn' during the advent of Sousa some years ago, made a revolution in dancing in English ball-rooms. Craig Wadsworth, who is one of the best dancing men in New York, and also one of the best cotillion leaders, has not been taken up with much enthusiasm in London by the general run of English people, because few know how to dance in American fashion. They will go around one way, and spin slowly and awkwardly like great tops. The visiting Englishmen in New York for the past twenty years have been, many of them, extremely nice fellows, but none of them knew how to dance. The quadrille is more to their manner. When the polka was revived one year at Newport, young Peel created a sensation by dancing most furiously, taking light chairs in his hand, at the end of the dance, and giving them a terrible bang on the floor. For an Englishman's idea of dancing by his countrymen nothing is more delicious than Thackeray's 'Mrs. Perkin's Ball.' Those who have had the honor of going to a state ball at Buckingham Palace have remained only for a short time, as they are the dreariest of functions, and, besides royalty, very few people dance. The best dancers in England are Englishmen whose relatives are Americans, or who have had their training over here."

WOULDN'T BUY

First Politician—"Put Russell Sage on our ticket? Never. He couldn't win."

Second Politician—"You think he's too honest?"

First Politician—"No; I think he's too economical."

Judge Jonathan Dixon, of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, has a habit, well known to old practitioners before him, of asking three questions of counsel arguing at the bar. The first one is usually simple, and the lawyer answers carelessly; the second one is a little more drastic, and the respondent replies with trembling uncertainty; the third is



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BOOKS

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bound to be a poser fraught with humiliation. On one occasion Richard V. Lindabury, of Newark, was presenting a case to the court of errors, and when the first question was innocently propounded, he said: "I don't know." "Don't know!" cried the judge; why don't you know?" "Because I haven't heard the other two questions," said the wily advocate.

SPOILING A PICTURE

When the average woman goes to have her photograph taken she wears the gown which she believes to be the most becoming and often is disappointed at the result. To have it take well seems to be as desirable as to get a good likeness. Remember, then, that the success or failure of a photograph in securing a good picture depends largely on the sort of clothes worn by the person who is posing for a photograph.

For instance, a waist of silk with a glistening of polished surface, cannot be made to take well in a photograph and will give a peculiar effect to it that nine out of ten women will not like; yet, when the fact is pointed out to them, they may refuse to believe it. Another thing that does not lend itself well to photographic purposes when made up into garments is goods of a positive pattern, such as large plaids, wide stripes and so forth. Dresses of these goods may look well on the wearer, and perhaps in a few cases not detract from the effect in a photograph, but as a general proposition they ought to be tabooed by women when having their pictures taken by any photographic process. Sharp contrasts in pronounced colors ought also to be strictly avoided, and jet or other glistening or glittering jewelry should not be worn, for the light is reflected from them sometimes in such a way as to spoil almost completely the picture.

Stiff materials in dresses are also apt to act as a contributing cause to an unsatisfactory photograph. Goods that will fall into soft and graceful folds is the best for a dress to be photographed in, for the artistic possibilities in its

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without exception the very best perfume for the
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arrangement are well-nigh limitless. Sharp, harsh lines at the neck and wrist are bad as well. Did you ever notice that when a woman wears some chiffon or something of that sort about her neck the photograph is always more pleasing than when she wears a stiff collar or stock.

All of these things mentioned help to give a photograph that quality which causes a woman to say it isn't entirely satisfactory, even though the features may be excellent. Skilled photographers know these things and try to have their customers avoid them, but oftentimes persuasion is useless and then comes the "kick" when proofs are shown that "there is something about it I don't like."

A teacher in an East Side school in trying to explain the meaning of the word "slowly" illustrated it by walking across the floor. When he asked the class to tell him how he walked, a boy at the foot of the class shouted, "Bow-legged, sir."—*Lippincott's.*



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And just to keep in line we will slice a clean one-third off the prices of a special lot of suitings suitable for both suits with and without vests. We've just enough to fill one window. You'll see them all in our east window tomorrow morning. None in the store—all in the window. Pick 'em out by number. But pick 'em out before September 4. The offer ends then.

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MY LADY'S DAINTY APRON

Do you wear an apron?

This may seem a strange question to put to a fashionable woman, but nevertheless it is pertinent at the moment, for the apron in a very dainty and delicate form has come into its own once more.

Once upon a time every self-respecting woman wore an apron. If she sat down to sew or make fancy work she put on a dainty bit of material called an apron, and if she served tea, a lacy, tiny thing all bows and frills played its part in the ceremony.

Marie Antoinette made the apron a very important part of the toilet, and in those days of luxury and extravagance every wealthy French dame thought her morning toilet imperfect unless completed by a "tablier," which was very often a very elaborate affair, but useful, nevertheless, for protection to the dress while about the feminine tasks which were then numerous and important.

Sewing, for example, had to receive very much more attention than now, as there were no sewing machines; correspondence, which was of great importance then; fancy work of great variety, spinning, music, and, lastly housekeeping, as many noble ladies at that time attended to small tasks themselves and thought it a credit to themselves.

In the time of Louis XII the apron was completed by a hanging packet and a huge bunch of keys forming the insignia of the mistress of the house. In the following reign when the toilet was the most elaborate and complicated affair and when even morning attire was of the richest possible description every woman of elegance wore a costly little apron made of exquisite materials.

Some of the pictures of the period portray the ladies of high degree occupied with their favorite employments and pastimes seated at the spinning wheel, singing to the guitar or violon d'amour, or perhaps engaged in conversation with intimates. Their dress on these ordinary occasions consisted of a petticoat of silver tissue, brocaded with flowers, with a casaquin of some lovely material drawn up over it, and trimmed with fur or lace, according to season, but in every case completed by the classic apron, which was regarded as a necessary adjunct.

Later on the apron went through various vicissitudes, and it has been in and out of favor times without number. In the '60s and early '70s it was in high favor, and was carried out very frequently in silk, the black silk apron being regarded with high favor and carrying with it a distinct air of aristocracy. It was put on with the afternoon toilet as a part of it, no matter whether one was to be occupied with employment or merely reading or chatting with visitors. The modes of the late '70s and '80s and after were such that the apron seemed out of place, but now that we are restoring to favor all the old time modes, the apron is found appropriate and the advanced Paris fashion papers show very elaborate designs in tiny, dainty affairs, with pockets and bows and frills to make them fascinating.

At the recent bazaar in London every

fancy work stall had its apron counter, and the ladies of high degree bought the dainty things as fast as they were displayed.

So now you know what to make for your Christmas presents, for the daintiest things may be fashioned into them.



Sir Archibald Geikie, in his lately published reminiscences, tells the story of the old Scotchman, who, going to England, had emblazoned on his visiting cards "L. F. P." What did it mean, his friends asked him. "Weel, I saw it was the richt thing to have the letters," he replied, "and as I didna ken what a' the fowks' letters mean, I thocht I wud put just L. F. P.; that means, 'Lately frae Paisley.'"



EATING THE OCTOPUS

The octopus, first cousin of the skate, is eaten in many parts of the world. In Lent it is the common food of the Greek islands. You can buy an octopus steak any day in the San Francisco market. The Italians and Chinese regard it as a delicacy boiled, fried or in salads. The Pacific Coast Indians always eat it. Enough skates are caught in New York waters in a single season to cover many acres of ground, and they would make excellent fertilizer, if not the most delicious eating.

When Greek wants to catch an octopus he stands in the bow of a boat with a glass bottomed tin can in his hand. This he inserts into the sea, so as to be just below the ripple, and through it obtains an excellent view of all that is going on down in the depths. As soon as he sees an octopus in its lair, or house, he tolls it out with his bait until it is clear of the bottom, then gives it the bait and quickly hauls it into the boat, when he grasps it in his hands and bites it on the neck. Out gushes a disgusting stream of matter like the sepia of a cuttlefish, and the octopus wriggles and writhes for hours in the bottom of the boat, changing color like a chameleon, from brown to red and red to blue, and dying exceedingly hard. If you put a dried octopus in the water a year after its death the muscles would wriggle again.—*New York Press.*



QUEER PETS

"Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, Makes pets of mice and chimpanzees," aptly expresses the attitude of society women just now with regard to their pets.

Miss Alice Roosevelt according to a London paper, which we hope is misinformed, has a pet chameleon, which goes everywhere with her, and which she allows to crawl about her neck and arms.

It is said that it was Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, who started the keeping of strange pets, and she for a long time used to carry about, twined around her arm, a small green snake.

The two Princesses of Connaught have pet marmosets, small South American monkeys. Lord Arthur Cecil keeps guinea pigs, and every one knows of the hive of bees in Mrs. Baden-Powell's drawing room.

Baby crocodiles were favorites for some time, but they grew too quickly to



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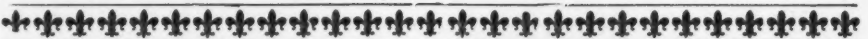
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TRADE MARK.
—The Food-Drink.

Its tonic properties are invaluable to those who are weak—nursing mothers, little children and the aged.

All druggists sell it. Prepared by the

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be favorites long. Lady Warwick used to have a baby elephant in the grounds of Dunmow Lodge, in Essex. Green lizards and toads are other queer pets.

Hedgehogs are kept by many people. They are exceedingly useful pets, for they soon exterminate black beetles in a house.



Richmond Pearson Hobson possessed in his younger days at least one element of greatness. He could not spell. While stationed at Newport News as an assistant naval constructor the hero of the Merrimac incident was inveigled into an old fashioned spelling bee. On the second round he received the word "sorghum." Although a native of a state in which that article of commerce was an important factor in the good old days before the war, the young naval officer's expression indicated that he never had heard the word before. He went at it,

however, like a professional wrestler endeavoring to secure a half Nelson on a dangerous opponent. "S-a-w-g-u-m," he blurted out. When the audience went wild with glee the humiliated naval officer's face resembled the color of a full blown poppy. He retired in confusion, and thereafter refused even to attend the spelling bees given in the town during the remainder of his stay.



Johnny—"Pa, what is a specialist?"
Pa—"A specialist, Johnny, is a man who only stops the murder on his own beat?"
—Ex.



"I suppose, senator," she said, "that you try to keep in touch with the financial interests of the country." "If I didn't, my dear girl, I'd have to cut down my livin' expenses or practice law a good deal harder than I do between sessions."—Ex.

THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS

One day when I went out to my wood pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly.

Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants; that it was not a dullum, but a bellum—a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my woodyard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black.

It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battlefield I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war—the red republicans on the one hand and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear; and human soldiers never fought so resolutely.

I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embrace in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vise to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as

I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members.

They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident their battle cry was "Conquer or die!" In the meantime there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe or had not taken part in the battle—probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs—whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it.

Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the reds. He drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior and commenced his operations near the root of his right foreleg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame.

I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat, even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed.

For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house and placed in under a tumbler on my window sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near foreleg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite.

They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was en-

deavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass and he went off over the window sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hotel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

JUVENILE HUMOR

The Messenger Boy—"Hi, Chimmy. De boss says they's a new counterfeit \$100 certifikit afloat."

The Office Youngster—"Is dat so? Well, I'll have to be extra keerful when I examine me pay envelope nex' Saturday night."

TOOTHPICKS AND ÉTIQUETTE

Commenting on a controversy that is progressing in its columns on the use of the toothpick in public, the New York *Herald* says: "One writer this morning defends the use of the toothpick in public restaurants, which was vigorously denounced by a correspondent in Wednesday's paper. The author of this morning's letter contends that its use, if sufficiently unobtrusive, is a duty to cleanliness and hygiene. Care of one's finger nails is a similar duty, but a person of refinement confines its performance to the 'manicure parlor' or the privacy of his chamber. Others may be seen performing that 'duty to cleanliness and hygiene' in street cars and other public places. Surgical operations with toothpicks in public places are usually offensive in these days of advanced taste and sensitiveness. The *grandes dames* of Queen Elizabeth's time considered it the correct thing to carry their silver-han-

dled scratch-backs with them to the play, but the sight of a woman plying such an implement in a box at the Metropolitan Opera House would be startling. The conspicuous wielding and chewing of the toothpick in public places belongs to an era of toleration that has passed away."

TRUE LOVE

She—"And so you admire me, George?"

He—"I admire you above the power to describe."

She—"And you would have all men admire me, dear?"

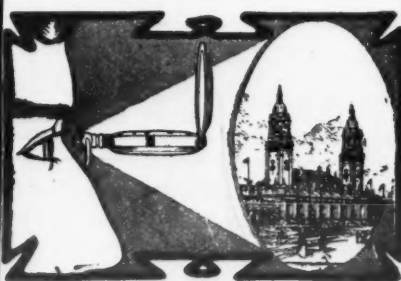
He—"If I thought any other man admired you, I'd knock his head off."—*Boston Transcript*.

They are telling in London how the Duchess of Devonshire administered a terribly severe snub to a party of army officers who attended a dance at her town house. Among the lot was Guy Wilson, who led in their general policy of what they regarded as dignified activity. Finally the Duchess smilingly approached and said: "Do come and dance with these pretty girls." Gravely bowing, young Wilson said: "Your Grace, the Eleventh Hussars do not dance." The Duchess flushed slightly and moved away. Supper was served at midnight, and the officers made their way toward the tempting buffets. They were confronted at the entrance by the Duchess, who said in determined tones: "Neither do the Eleventh Hussars sup." And neither did they.

"I've got no use for the man who mixes business with religion." "No; but some of us would be better for mixing a little religion with our business."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Bridget—"Why, Master Tommy, whatever is the matter?" *Tommy*—"I've hurt my h-hand in the h-hot water." *Bridget*—"Shure, thin, it serves you right. You should have felt the water before you put your hand in!"—*Punch*.

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THE GHETTO GLOBEMAKER

In a tenement house in the Ghetto lives a skilled Jewish globemaker, whose handiwork finds its way into the homes of his countrymen and the museums of curio hunters uptown. The mapped spheres of manufacture are seen everywhere, but his globes are not of this ilk. The ball of wood which is the foundation is tenderly covered with a papery substance until he thinks it is thick enough. Wire painted a bright red or green is strung through the poles; wire also makes the axis. With the aid of instruments which have been in his family for generations, he divides the surface into hemispheres; then the equator is designated; the lines of latitude and longitude are painted in.

The maps which he uses are imported from France, and come in nearly 100 pieces. It requires the greatest possible skill to fit them onto the globe in exactly the right position. But the old man's fingers have become accustomed to the work and he rarely makes a mistake. He does not seem to be thinking of his work, either, but intones in an absent-minded way from his beloved Talmud. The fingers from long rubbing and fitting are as sensitive at the tips as those of a piano player.

"Ah," he says to the writer, "when I hold the globe that way I know my thumb will be in a certain town in Russia, and my small finger in an island in the Atlantic ocean * * * if these things are not so, I am sure the map is incorrect."

For his own people and a few customers he indulges in novelties such as putting in moon, sun, and stars of different metals. The bases of the globe are often of picturesque character. One was made of different woods from Jerusalem fashioned to represent the steps to Solomon's temple; the symbolism being that the globe rested upon the foundation of the holy structure. Another had cruelly painted upon it various scenes from the sayings of the prophets with such sayings as:

Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come singing unto Zion.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem.

The old globemaker does not toil by the hour; his work is his day dream and fills all his waking moments. The children of the tenement rush into his humble abode to see him decorating his spheres before they go to school in the morning; at twilight they come again when their tasks are over; they gaze with wondering eyes as he pastes on Asia, Europe, and Africa, late in the evening. When they have grown too tired, have kissed him goodnight, and are fast asleep in their beds, he is still making stars and moons or carefully fitting together the tail of recalcitrant rivers that have become mixed up with mountains, states, lakes and oceans having no relation whatever to them.—*New York Evening Post.*

The elder Miss Spinster (appearing at the back door)—"Tell me, my good

man, are you the person who called here last week?" *Knight of the road*—"You don't mean the bloke wot you give the 'omade pie to? No, mum, I ain't 'im. 'E left me 'is old togs when 'e pegged out, that's all."—*Judge.*

A BEAUTIFUL WAY TO BE SICK

A new skin disease has been discovered in Vienna, the exanthema variabile. A doctor says: "The symptoms are originally a bright scarlet, forming rings connected with each other until they resemble a net. They spread in serpentine lines. The spots, somewhat elevated, are beautifully drawn, and after a while the color alternates between scarlet, pink, lilac and gray-blue. Very rarely there are brownish tints. The skin takes on a silky hue." What a beautiful way to be sick!—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

THE CALL

Came Mrs. Brown to call
On little Mrs. Jones,
They greeted in the hall
In most delighted tones.
"So rushed," said Mrs. Brown,
"I really cannot stay—
I've been all over town,
It seems to me, to-day."

And then they talked of books,
Of music, and of clubs,
Of chambermaids and cooks,
Of leaky laundry tubs,
Of candies and of soup,
Of churches and of gowns,
Of fevers and of croup,
Of how to ward off frowns.

Of wrinkles, freckles, too;
Of divorcees and brides.
Of scandals old and new,
Of fashion's latest strides,
Of neighbors and of friends,
Of enemies and kin,
Of pleasing coffee blends,
Of where "she" got that pin.

Of certain people's debts,
Of certain people's fights,
Of the contending sets,
Of certain women's spites,
Of papering the hall.
Of what each one had read,
Of which one owed the call,
Of what somebody said.

Of how "she" held her looks,
Of golf, and cards, and tea,
Then back again to cooks—
And then: "Oh goodness me!"
Cried Mrs. Brown at last,
"I must be rushing on,
The afternoon is past—
At least, it's almost gone."

"That's one thing I detest
About a formal call—
One has to look her best
And scarcely talk at all,
Stop in, my dear, some day
When you're out for a walk—
There's so much we could say
When we've time for a talk."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Jones—"It is impossible for me to keep a lead pencil. People are always borrowing, you know, and they always

BOER WAR

Universally acknowledged to be the Feature of the Fair.

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY, 3:30, 8:30 P. M.

700 British and Boer Veterans Reproducing 3 Famous Battles.

Camp Reception by GENERALS CRONJE and VILJOEN After Each Performance.

NOT ON THE PIKE—South of Ferris Wheel. Special Intramural Station

Admissions: Bleachers, 25 Cents; Grand Stand, 50 Cents; Boxes, \$1.00.

Children Under 12 Admitted to Grand Stand at 25 cents.

... CENTURY ...

THIS WEEK,

Miss Blanche Ring

supported by Mr. Harry Conner and Rich & Harris' comedians in

Vivian's Papas

Regular Mat. Saturday.

Next Sunday Night, Second and last week of BLANCHE RING, Supported by Mr. Harry Conner and Rich & Harris' Comedians in Vivian's Papas Wed. and Sat. Mats. Sale for next week begins Thursday a. m.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,

Charles B. Dillingham presents FRANK DANIELS

IN

The Office Boy

Regular Mat. Saturday.

Next Sunday Night, Second and last week of Frank Daniels Opera Company in

The Office Boy

Seats for next week on sale Thursday. Only Matinee Saturday.

GRAND

Matinees Sunday, Wednesday, Saturday THIS WEEK. NEXT WEEK.

JANE CORCORAN Supported by ANDREW ROBSON And Excellent Company "PRETTY PEGGY"

Buster Brown

IMPERIAL

First-Class Policy Cool as the Ocean Nightly at 8—Sat. Mat. at 2. David Belasco Presents

IN BLANCHE BATES

"The Darling of the Gods"

Prices, 25c to \$1.50. 50c Good Seat 50c.

forget to return." *Brown*—"Why, I never have any trouble. See, I've got a whole vest-pocketful of pencils." *Jones*—"Doesn't that prove just what I said?" *Boston Transcript.*

EYESTRAIN LOOKING UP

A new disease added to the long list of those asserted by the talented author of "Biographic Clinics" to be due to eyestrain is alcohol addiction. At a meeting of opticians at Milwaukee on Wednesday of last week, a Chicago refractionist reported a case of chronic alcoholism cured by eyeglasses. The speaker took the obvious ground that the craving for alcoholic stimulation was a nervous affection, and he had found, he said, in a long series of ocular examinations, that inebriates often suffer from anomalies of refraction and other producers of eyestrain. Such being the case, the natural corollary follows that spectacles will cure inebriety. The reasoning is as profound and as sound as a good deal of that used by many of the extreme advocates of the eyestrain theory, and no doubt we shall soon have the inebriate looking through other glasses than those he must tip up to make transparent.

Customer—"The last fish I had from you didn't seem very fresh." *Fish dealer*—"Well, mum, how can you expect fresh fish to come out o' salt water?"—*New Yorker.*

...ODEON THEATER...

KIRALFY'S

Louisiana Purchase Spectacle

DELMAR GARDEN

LOUISIANA

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WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SUNDAY

Seats at Bollman's, 25c and 50c.

EVERY AFTERNOON and NIGHT!

Steeplechase, Scenic Railway, Dog and Pony Circus, Diving Horse, Wild West Show, Riding Ponies, Baby Incubator, Day in Alps and

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RIEFF BROTHERS, Greatest Singing and Dancing Acts.

SHANNON & LUCIER, Singing, Dancing and Talking Comedians.

STANDARD

The Home of Folly. Two Frolics Daily.

THIS WEEK,

MAJESTIC

BURLESQUERS

NEXT WEEK,

BON-

TONS.

THE STOCK MARKET

Under renewed selling pressure, Wall street prices have again suffered a moderate setback, notwithstanding all the vividly realistic display of expert manipulation in some of the sensitive "specialties." The bear forces made a remarkably determined onslaught on United States Steel and American Sugar issues, although, taken as a whole, they met with but modest success. Considering the recent access of artificial strength in the Havemeyer certificates, the bruises must be given due credit for onwonted "nerve" and finesse. There can be no question but that the sudden pounding of Sugar made a telling impression on the eager hordes of lately recruited bulls. However, it is very dubious whether the "knockers" will have the hardihood to follow up their little victory, in the absence of immediate justificatory reasons for a continuation of the assault.

As has often been pointed out in these letters, American Sugar Refining is a stock that is selling considerably above its intrinsic value. If the "gang" backing and rigging it were not as bold, defiant and merciless in its methods of dealing with daring antagonists as it has shown itself to be on the numberless occasions in the past, the price of the shares could not be maintained above par. Sugar is the stock most attractive to the gambler, and most perilous to the "sucker." More choice money has been dropped in it than in any other stock quoted on the list. The writer of this well remembers when many misguided traders hastened to sell it for short account at about 140, only to find themselves forced, barely fifteen minutes after, to implore their brokers to let them cover at anything between 165 and 175. Sugar is a most excellent stock—to let alone. It is well known that Havemeyer and his friends have made more money in superintending the movements of their volatile "specialty" than in any other enterprise that ever swam within their ken and might.

A severe chill has been given to late bullish gossiping on United States Steel issues. Reports of a severe slashing of prices in the trade, and predictions of a

precipitation of a bitter and prolonged competitive struggle, have caused a good many faint-hearted holders to let go of a stock that had already given poignant headaches and perplexities. In the cutting of prices the Republic Iron and Steel Company appears to be the most conspicuous offender. This has engendered the suspicion among cynical observers that the sole object of the prevailing and approaching troubles is the absorption of the Republic Iron and Steel Co. by the big trust. If this view should be well founded, then the former concern's controlling interests have proved themselves apt pupils in the Carnegie school of "trust-milking." However, the question is: "Will the United States Steel Corporation allow itself to be held up in such a disingenuous fashion? Will it be willing, or can it be compelled at the present time, to buy up a company the capitalization of which is notoriously inflated? It does not seem likely. The steel trust has already more than its hands full in trying to keep things on an even keel. It can ill afford to inject an additional quantity of water into its prodigious capital. A renewal of hydraulic operations would bode no good for its shares or its fortunes. For this reason, it is to be hoped that if anybody is running a gigantic, artful "bluff," in the present cutting of prices, the United States Steel Corporation will pursue the right course in the interest of its shareholders.

At the same time, it cannot any longer be denied, after what has taken place latterly, that iron trade conditions are deteriorating rather than improving. Consumption is at a low ebb; export business is anything but gratifying, and the pool has gone to pieces. Whether a wholesale and wholesome lowering of prices all around may bring about a betterment of conditions, or no, cannot be intelligently determined at this time. The next quarterly report of the United States Steel Corporation is awaited with steadily increasing interest and anxiety. It should serve to throw all needed light on matters which are now being eagerly discussed and regarding which no one seems to know more than the other. The iron trade is evidently in its transitional stage, the ending of which, if all signs are not misleading, cannot be very far off. In the meantime, definite judgment must be kept in abeyance.

Something or other has been doing in Metropolitan, for lo, these three weeks but, so far, nothing has yet been done though it is known that quite a number of foolish and luckless speculators have been "done up." Dame Rumor has it that the Metropolitan Securities Company is going to change hands. The Interborough is said to be after it. Now this is indeed interesting but not quite sufficient to account for the late flagrant thimble-rigging in Metropolitan shares. If there is to be another change of control, it may be set down as a certainty that it will be accomplished by an additional or new issue of stock of some kind or other. It's a dull year that does not witness a fresh hydraulic performance in Metropolitan affairs. President Vreeland dearly loves his *coup* in up-to-date financiering. He

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has an invincible *faiblesse* for new stock and new subscription rights. And for good reasons. He has prospered well on the new way of fooling and cheating stockholders, and this in spite, or maybe, because, of the fact that since the inception of its new "financiering" Metropolitan stock has slid down a cool, plump one hundred points in value.

It may be that the Metropolitan Securities Company is anxious to get out of the embarrassing, vexatious dilemma in which it finds itself. It has guaranteed the payment of seven per cent, dividends on Metropolitan Street Railway stock. This dividend is not being earned, and has not been earned for any year since 1890. Therefore, the Securities Company needs "absorption." It is anxious to be gobbled up by another concern which may be unscrupulous enough to issue new securities to provide means to continue dividends on the guaranteed stock.

Prices will probably continue their irregular course. Market factors are about evenly balanced for the present. The bears do not seem to be under brilliant, resourceful leadership. They cannot make much headway in their operations because stocks are principally held by cliques. Besides money is cheap and the fine prospects in the cotton regions serve to offset the deficit in the wheat yield. Corn will hardly fulfill recent expectations. Weather conditions have not been in its favor in the past week or two. However, the total should well exceed the 2,000,000,000 bushel notch.

Sterling exchange remains stiff. At this writing it is but little below the gold-exporting point. This is most peculiar for this time of the year. According to all precedents, sterling ex-

change should now be hovering around the gold-importing mark. The high prices for agricultural products have thrown the foreign exchange market utterly out of gear. In view of the continued small shipments of breadstuffs and cotton to Europe, gold imports this autumn seem most unlikely. If Patten should make good his prediction of two-dollar wheat, our grain exporting houses may eventually have to go out of business altogether.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Very dull have been proceedings on the St. Louis stock market in the past week. Transactions were again confined to few issues. Buyers were not disposed to raise their limits, while sellers refrained from making noteworthy offerings. The bull faction still clings to the hope that the looked-for speculative renaissance in St. Louis cannot be much longer deferred. They expect much from the growing confidence in financial circles, as evidenced lately on Wall street.

The consolidation of the Lincoln and Missouri Trust Companies has been effected. The combined companies are now doing business at the Missouri Trust offices. Lincoln stock is quoted at 212 bid, 213 asked, with sales at 212½. Missouri Trust is lower, sales being made at 122. Mercantile Trust has risen in the bid price, which is now 335, with no offerings. For Commonwealth 266 is bid, for Bank of Commerce 279¾, for Third National 280, for Mechanics 268½. The tendency in the shares of this seems to be upward for the nonce.

St. Louis Transit sold again at 10 the other day. It is now offering at 11, with 10½ bid. United Railways is sell-

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ing at 54, in a very small way. The 4 per cent. bonds continue to be quoted at 80 bid, 80 1/4 asked.

Central Coal and Coke common is offering at 63, with 61 1/2 bid; for the preferred 71 is bid. Laclede Gas 5s are in light demand at 108 1/2. For St. Louis Brewing 6s 95 1/2 is bid, 95 3/4 asked.

Bank clearances are of satisfactory dimensions. Country business is decidedly on the mend. Interest rates continue at 4 1/2 to 5 1/2 per cent. Sterling exchange is quoted at \$4.88 1/2.



ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

X. X. X.—Would hold New York Central. Erie common should rally further. Not likely to reach your level, however. Consider Rock Island 4s a fair speculation.

F. H. J., LaGrange, Tex.—Would not advise investing in National Enameling. Too much of a pool stock. Has been a grievous disappointment to many.

K. O., Laddonia, Mo. — Take your profits on Southern preferred, if it should climb up to your point. Rise in common based on brilliant cotton prospects, and recent good earnings.

R. X. A., Altoona, Pa.—Hang on to your Continental Tobacco 4s. Don't invest in stuff like Electric Vehicle common. Its value largely fictitious. Take profits on Manhattan.



"Have you a good minister?" asked a summer visitor of a rural resident in New England.

"Waal, he would be, ef he warn't quite so graspin'."

"How does he show that he is grasping?"

"Waal, last winter when we gave him a donation party, an' carried him a lot of vegetables an' other truck, an' forty dollars in money, he warn't willin' that the money should go on his salary."

"But I suppose he doesn't get a very large salary."

"Waal, purty fair—a hundred an' fifty dollars a year."

FOUND IN LIBRARY BOOKS

The letter began, "My Sweet Anne." Surely a stranger must be pardoned for reading it through, for it was found hidden snugly away between the leaves of a dusty and ancient volume of poems drawn from a great library. The finder, who records his find in the *Tribune*, took it carefully to the librarian. The envelope was missing, and the pages were a trifle yellow at the edges and the ink a little dim. The date was June 12, 1860, and it was signed "Lloyd." "Another one?" said the librarian, inquiringly; "out of the old edition of Moore? Well, I guess we won't send it back. I generally return personal letters if they are of enough interest and nobody calls for them. We shake every book that is returned, and almost always something falls out. It may be a letter like the one you have just found, or a visiting card, or a hair-pin. Almost invariably the treasures that we unfold bear the ear-marks of feminine possession. I am not charging women with carelessness. I am simply stating a fact. Generally the things we find are documentary in their nature. Last week I shook out of a book on home life a signed and endorsed check for \$79 made payable to the dressmaker whose statement of account was pinned to it. On another occasion a \$50 bank-note fluttered out. Both were called for within a short time. Occasionally one gives us a glimpse of a love secret or a tragedy. Not long ago a letter was taken from a book which was of such an unusual nature that I remembered the names concerned long enough to recognize them in the newspaper reports of a court case which divided a family. The letter was addressed to a woman, and filled with a frank and open avowal of a man's forbidden love; for the woman was the wife of another. I carefully secreted the missive, and a few hours later was confronted by a tall, heavily veiled lady, who asked if a letter had been found in a book, which happened to be a morbid problem novel of great popularity at the time. The question was asked in a voice which tried hard not to shake. I handed the letter over, and the woman hastily took herself off. Yet the writings we find in books are not always so intimate. Embroidery silk by the yard and of rainbow hues may be fished out from some novels; and, alas! an occasional cigarette paper. The evidences of masculine forgetfulness, however, are rarer."



An ordinary echo is a curious thing; but, according to the statements of a Frenchman at a watering-place in the Pyrenees, one echo on the Franco-Prussian frontier is far from ordinary. "As soon as you have spoken," said the Frenchman, who had secured an audience of wide-eyed tourists, "you hear distinctly the voice leap from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, and as soon as it has passed the frontier it assumes the Spanish tongue."



Another hateful thing: "How did you like our new duet?" she asked. "Oh, was that a duet? I thought you were only quarreling."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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To the Sixth Nearest.....	300
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To the Eighth Nearest.....	100
To the Ninth Nearest.....	50
To the Tenth Nearest.....	25
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SONNET

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

(Expanded from a Fragment, by Sappho.)

Bring summer flowers, bring pansy,
violet,
Moss-rose and sweet-briar and blue
columbine;
Bring loveliest leaves, rathe privet,
eglantine,
Brown myrtles with dews of morn-
ing wet:
Twine thou a wreath upon thy brows
to set;
With thy soft hands the wayward ten-
drils twine;
Then place them, maiden, on those
curls of thine,
Those curls too fair for gems or cor-
onet.

Sweet is the breath of blossoms, and
the Graces,
When suppliants through Love's tem-
ple wend their way,

Look down with smiles from their
celestial places
On maidens wreathed with chaplets
of the May;
But from the crownless choir they
hide their faces,
Nor heed them when they sing nor
when they pray.
1883.



Mme. Modjeska, the great Polish actress, was on one occasion a guest at an "at home," and was pressed by the hostess to recite something in her native language. After some urging Modjeska at length consented, but was somewhat at a loss for an appropriate selection. She pondered a moment, noticed that all those present spoke English, and her face lighted up momentarily before she began. Her hearers were moved to tears by her passionate and pathetic recitation. Later the lady confided to one of her friends that she had merely recited the numerals from 1 to 100, with such expression as she could impart to them

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THE MAGIC TYPEWRITER

A Danish electrician named Paulsen is credited with having successfully attempted a curious feat. It is said that he has been able to operate the keyboard of a typewriter at a distance without any visible connection between it and the instrument at hand. It is added that he has also discovered a new kind of "electric wave," whose existence has been suspected, but which had never until now been revealed. According to a Copenhagen dispatch, the man made use of this mysterious agency to produce the reported result.

The story possesses one feature which lends it credibility. Paulsen himself is an ingenious and reputable inventor. He is best known as the author of apparatus for recording a telephone message automatically when the person for whom the latter is designed is away. The device is a form of phonograph, and in certain respects is materially different from the Edison instrument. There seems to be no doubt as to the efficiency of the mechanism, but as yet it has not been introduced into service. Perhaps it never will be. The managers of telephone exchanges in Europe and America do not seem to have discovered an overpowering need of it.

A second reason exists for treating the latest announcement about Paulsen with respect. Other men have done something of the same kind with Hertz waves. Several inventors have shown how to control the steering apparatus of a submarine torpedo from land or a ship without a wire. The system has not yet been adopted by any navy in the world. The demonstrations thus far given have been made with models, and for exhibition purposes only. From these it seems possible that certain simple mechanical operations like the moving of a tiny rudder can be directed from a distance. To manipulate thirty or forty keys, either upon a typewriter or a linotype machine, would be a much more difficult task, because it involves greater mechanical and electrical complications. Nevertheless, it is apparently not impossible. A writer about "Curious Inventions" to *Cassier's Magazine* for August briefly describes a wireless electric typewriter. The inventor of it is not named, but the apparatus is mentioned immediately after the "telegraphone" of Paulsen, and it is said to be "still in the experimental stage."

Were it thoroughly practicable to control a typewriter by such methods, the device could not come into general use unless it were cheaper and more simple than those printing telegraphs which use ordinary electricity and a wire—a possibility which is extremely remote. Again, it is unlikely that in any well regulated newspaper office it will ever be deemed expedient to put news dispatches into type without the interposition of a "copy" editor. Talk about controlling linotypes directly from a distance, therefore, is a trifle absurd.—*New York Tribune*.

A schemer: Mr. Sport—"Ethel, I'll bet you a new dress to a box of cigars that the *Falant* wins." Mrs. S.—"No,

Jack. Make it a new dress to five pounds of candy and I'll take you."—*Brooklyn Life*.

HE WAS REMINDED

A Washington politician tells this story on a friend who is famous for the "whoppers" he is in the habit of telling. This man's brother, it appears, finally remonstrated with the raconteur, and warned him that the next time he overheard him enlarging on facts he would remind him in an unmistakable way. His opportunity came at a dinner at which they were both present. The story teller, who sat beside his brother at the table, was describing a remarkable stable which a friend of his had just built. "Why," he was saying, "it's simply huge—at least a thousand feet long, a hundred feet high—ouch!" (reaching down and rubbing his shin)—"and three feet wide."

HE WAS FOR HEY

"Will you kindly tell me who is your choice for President?" asked the passenger in the check suit. "I'm taking a straw vote." "Hey?" said the slightly deaf passenger. "Well, rejoined the other, he isn't running, but I'll count your vote, just the same." Marking down one vote for the distinguished Secretary of State, the man in the check suit passed on.—*Chicago Tribune*.

HID HIS FACE

"Hello, hello. Is this Mr. Jigson?" "Yes." "Can I borrow your auto for this afternoon?" "Why, no. I shouldn't think you'd have the face to ask it." "I haven't. That's why I'm asking over the phone."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Sure enough: "Of course, I don't want to criticise, but I don't think it was altogether right for David to say 'all men are liars.'" "Well, at any rate, it was safer than to pick out one man and say it to him."—*Philadelphia Press*.

The death of Remus: Romulus has just founded Rome. "Pretty good job, eh?" he modestly suggested. "Bah," sneered Remus, "if you wanted a first-class town you should have founded Oyster Bay or Esopus." So Romulus had to kill him.—*Ex*.

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